

INDIANS

OF THE

WIGWAMS



THERESE O. DEMING
EDWIN W. DEMING



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INDIANS of the WIGWAMS



LAP-PA WIN-SOE
Leni-lenápe Delaware
Chief
Painted in 1737

INDIANS of the WIGWAMS

A Story of Indian Life

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The Crier

AN INDIAN STORYTELLER

One winter day a crier walked through the village that was the home of the Leni-lenápe Indians. He beat his tom-tom and called out upon the frosty air that the younger boys were to go to the wigwam of the Storyteller. Then he hurried back to his own home, for it was very cold. It was the moon, or month, in which mice and squirrels come out of their holes to see if they can find anything to eat—the coldest moon of the year.

Little Bear and Star, two boys who had always been companions, were out playing with their bows and arrows even if the icy air did try to make their fingers stiff. As soon as they heard the crier call, they ran to Little Bear's wigwam and left their playthings with his mother. All the boys enjoyed listening to the Storyteller, and they went gladly to his wigwam.

As the boys ran through the village, each held a fur robe closely about himself, the fur side next to his body. It was biting cold, and young Indian boys wore no clothes except breech clouts

under their robes, some of which were made of elk skin and others from the hides of deer or bears.

When the boys reached the Storyteller's wigwam, they entered and remained quietly standing. Before them a bright fire burned in the center of the room on the dirt floor. Smoke curled lazily up and out of the smoke hole in the roof.

The Storyteller was sitting on the floor, facing the fire. He was a proud old man who had been a great warrior and hunter in his younger days. Although he never mentioned them, the other men of the tribe often told stories of his brave deeds. The young boys greatly respected and liked him. Now it was the old man's duty to teach the young boys the story of their forefathers.

Like all the warriors of his tribe, the Storyteller had shaved both sides of his head, leaving only a roach of long hair on the top from the forehead back. This was his scalp lock. Every warrior was very proud of his scalp lock. Earlier that day the Storyteller's wife had carefully combed his hair and tied it in a bag which she had made for this purpose. While a warrior

was at home, he protected his scalp lock in this way, but when he went out, he always took off the bag and let the long lock hang down his neck. The boys thought that this was a very attractive way of wearing hair, and each was eager for the time to come when he could have the sides of his head shaved in the same way.

At first the Storyteller did not speak to the boys, but after all had arrived, he welcomed them and invited them to sit near the fire. The boys did not pass between the old man and the fire. It would have been very impolite for a child to have done that. Red children were taught to be polite and respectful to their elders. The old man also invited the boys to drop their fur robes so that they would not be too warm.

When all were quiet, the Storyteller solemnly threw some tobacco into the fire. The boys knew that he was offering his prayer and theirs to Gitche Manito, the Great Spirit of these Indians. The fire was the symbol of the Sun Manito. These Indians did not worship fire, but they believed that the spirit of the fire carried their prayers to the manitos. When that tobacco had burned, the Storyteller carefully threw more tobacco on the fire, this time as a prayer to the

twelve manitos who were the helpers of the Great Spirit. While the old Indian did all this, the young boys scarcely moved.

After the prayers were over, the old man said, "I am going to tell you about the Long Ago. You must know and remember all that has happened to our people. Today I shall tell you how they came to live on this earth. I shall tell the story to you as I heard it when I was young."

The old warrior had scratched a circle in the hard dirt floor in front of him as he talked. Now he drew two legs on each side of the circle and added a head and a tail. The young boys watched and listened very carefully.

"This is the sign of the great tortoise," the Storyteller began. "He is lying in water, which is all around him." The old Indian passed his hand over the floor all around the picture to show that this was water. "At first," he went on, "this earth was flat and was entirely covered with water. The tortoise lived under the water, but he slowly raised his great round back higher and higher. At last it was out of the water, and it became dry. That is how the great tortoise made the earth upon which we live.

"The earth grew bigger and bigger, and it also



The Sign of the Great Tortoise

grew deeper and deeper. But there were no man people. Mother Earth became lonesome; so she made some man people to live in her bosom. It was dark there all the time, but Mother Earth took good care of her people. They never went hungry, for they hunted mice, which they caught in their hands.

“The man people lived and hunted in the bosom of Mother Earth for a long, long time. They did not know that Gitche Manito was making a better home for them on top of the earth. There He was creating all the good things that He intended for their use when they came to live in the light.

“One day two hunters needed food, and they set out to search for mice. They had not gone far when, in the distant darkness, they saw a tiny ray of light. It seemed to come down from the top of the earth. Those men had never before seen light, and they did not know what it was. At first they were frightened. They moved close together and talked, and finally decided to find out what this strange object might be.

“They walked ahead carefully until they reached the white spot of light, which, they saw, came through an opening above their heads.

The two hunters were brave. They helped each other crawl up through the opening so that they could discover where it led. They hoped that they would find a new and better hunting ground.

“The light grew brighter and brighter as they slowly crawled upward. The men were surprised to find that they were able to see where they were going. At last they reached the top of the earth, and there they saw the great, light home that Gitche Manito had prepared for their people.

“A strange animal was lying on the ground near where they first stood. They had never seen anything like it; so they did not know that it was a deer. It had been hard work to climb up through the opening, and both men were tired and hungry. They decided to see if the meat of the strange beast might be used for food. They prepared and ate just a little, and found that it was very good. The hunters then cut a few pieces of meat to take with them, and returned to their dark home in the bosom of Mother Earth.

“The people were very much pleased with the new food. Everyone thought that it was much better than the mice that they had been eating.

They also liked the description of the wonderful, new country that the hunters had found, and felt that they would like to make it their home. But because it was always dark where they were living and they had to feel their way about, they were afraid to start for the new country.

“At last the mother of one of the two hunters became impatient. She thought that if there were a place where she could see, she did not want to continue to live in darkness. She told her son to lead the way. Then she called all the people together and told them to follow.

“The people did follow the old mother and her hunter son, and when they reached the opening, they, too, saw the light. Like the hunters, they helped each other crawl upward to the top of the earth. There they saw the wonderful land that the hunters had described. The people could hardly believe that their eyes were really seeing things, not only close by but far off in the distance.

“The man people never went back to their home in the bosom of Mother Earth. They have been living on the back of the great tortoise ever since, for the tortoise, you know, still holds the earth on his back.”

The Storyteller stopped speaking and looked at his silent, young listeners. They were as serious as he, and he was very much in earnest. He went on with his story.

“The people that Mother Earth made, and who came through the opening, were our forefathers. They found all the things that Gitche Manito had made for them and for us. The whole world was new to them, and they had to learn first-hand about all the things that they found. But we do not, for our forefathers were wise. They remembered and told the things that they learned to their children, just as I am telling you.

“Our forefathers told us that the rattlesnake still lives in the bosom of Mother Earth. They said that the rattlesnake is the grandfather of our people. He protected our forefathers, and he protects us. He always warns us when danger is near. With his rattle he tells us to be careful. Never hurt a rattlesnake. If you do, his relatives will soon know, and then his people will make war upon us. They are a dangerous enemy. Always remember to be respectful to any member of the rattlesnake family.

“You must always honor the wolf. Our forefathers believed that a wolf killed the deer and

left it for the two hunters to find when they crawled to the top of the earth. One band of our people is named in his honor. The sign of the wolf is a round paw. This sign is always painted on the wigwams of those who belong to the wolf band, just as a turtle is painted on ours.

“There is another great thing that our forefathers learned and told to their children that no Leni-lenápe Indian should ever forget, and it is this: The Great Spirit, who prepared this earth for us, gave life to everything. You must not think that you are better than the animals, birds, fish, trees, and other things to which life was given. All are equal. Perhaps the man people are stronger, for Gitche Manito made them the chiefs, but our shadows will meet with theirs when we go to join our forefathers. We are now an enemy of the animal people, and they are at war with us. That is why we hunt them, and it is why they hunt us. In the Happy Southland all will be equal.”

The old Storyteller stopped speaking, and all was silent in the wigwam. One or two of the boys moved a little very quietly. When the old man saw this, he said, “I have kept you a long

time today. Do not forget what I have told you about our people."

Then he again put tobacco on the fire as an offering to the Great Spirit. After it had burned, he said, "Wrap your robes around you and run to your wigwams."

The boys thanked the old warrior for his stories and quietly went out of his wigwam.

It was late afternoon. In this cold moon the sun went to rest very early. North Wind sent his cold breath against the boys, and they wrapped their robes more closely around their bodies so that the Wind People could not get inside. Each little boy hurried toward his home, where he knew he would find the warm welcome of a bright fire.

As usual, Star and Little Bear walked together. When they reached Little Bear's wigwam, Star went in with him. He wanted to get the bow and arrows he had left there.

"There is yet time," said Little Bear. "Shall we finish making the string for our game of quaquallis?"

Star agreed, for all Indian boys, and even their fathers, enjoyed playing that game when the cold kept them in their wigwams. To play the

game, the boys needed a flat bone with a hole through its middle. A string was fastened to one end of the bone, and the other end of the string was tied to the middle of a stick that had one pointed end. The game was to hold the stick by its blunt end, throw the bone as high as the string would permit, and try to catch the bone on the pointed end of the stick through the hole in its middle.

Soon the two boys were rolling strands of wild hemp up and down their shins with the palms of their hands. That made a strong, tight string. Star found a suitable stick and sharpened one end while Little Bear went to the part of the wigwam where he kept all his treasures. There he found his old string and bone. The boys unfastened the playing bone and tied it to the new string. Then the game was ready.

Next the boys had to decide who would have the first turn. Little Bear had a small flat stone with a red spot on one side, and he tossed this stone into the air. It fell with the painted side toward the ground. Star shook the stone on the palms of his hands a long time before he threw it into the air. This time it fell with the little red eye looking up at Star. It was his first turn.

Star threw the bone and tried to catch it on the pointed stick. He failed. Little Bear then tried, and did no better. It was never easy to catch the bone, and the boys were out of practice. They had not played the game for a long time. Now they took turns until each had caught the bone once. Then Star said good night and ran to his home.

On the way he thought about all that he had learned that afternoon. He was eager to tell his father the wonderful story. It had made all the boys very proud of their people, and it also made them wish that they were old enough to give the war cry and say, "We are of the Leni-lenápe."



IN THE WILDERNESS

Little Bear had seen only seven summers; yet his father had given him a name, and a feast had been held in his honor. Often Indian boys were not given special names until they were much older than Little Bear, but one night his father had had a dream in which a cub bear came and sat beside him. When the father awakened, he called his boy and told him about the dream that he had just had. Then he gave his son the name Little Bear. A day or two later, the father invited the people of the village to a feast in honor of his son. The little boy was told that he would be known by this name until he was old enough to make the great fast, during which he would dream or see a vision of something that he would adopt as his real name.

One morning, just as the sun was lighting the eastern sky, Little Bear jumped out of his warm bed of furs and wrapped his bearskin robe about him. It was still a cold moon, but not the coldest. The moon when the mice and squirrels come out of their holes to see if they can find anything

to eat had passed, and the Frog Moon had come.

Little Bear ran to the fire. His mother was seated beside it, pounding corn in her stone mortar. She had already put some cornmeal into the water boiling in the clay pot that sat on the hot coals. Now she was preparing meal for corn bread. All Indian children loved hot corn bread. Little Bear watched his mother put the flat bread stones into the fire. When they were hot, she went to the jar in which she kept her dried berries and took a handful, which she mixed into the wet cornmeal. Then she shaped this mixture into tiny loaves. These she laid on thin pieces of bark, which she placed on the hot stones. Little Bear could hardly wait until the delicious bread was ready to eat.

Long before daybreak the father had gone to hunt in the wilderness. He wanted fresh meat for his early meal. While they were waiting for the hunter to return, the mother used the time to teach her boy some of the things that he would need to know if he were to become as great a warrior and hunter as his father. Little Bear sat on his mat before the fire and listened thoughtfully to all his mother said.

“My son,” she began, “you are still a small

boy, but you must always remember to be thankful to our Gitche Manito, who gave you life. He also gave life to the animals and plants, the birds and fish, and even to the rocks. He put everything here for some purpose. Perhaps He means that some time you will be greatly respected and do great things for your people.

“Never forget that the Great Spirit gave us this beautiful country. Here we can raise our crops every time that the sun comes back and awakens Mother Earth. We also have plenty of game and all the wood we need. Gitche Manito gave this land to our forefathers. They must have been grateful, for He did not take it away from them. Now we are enjoying it. If you will always remember that everything has been given to us by the Great Spirit, then, when your father and I have gone to join our fathers in the Happy Southland, you and your children will be as happy as we have been. The manitos look down upon us and watch all that we do. Always give thanks to them, and remember that all good comes to us through their kindness.”

Little Bear knew that all his mother said was true. He had heard it often before. In-



The Mother Cooking Cornmeal

dian fathers and mothers never let their children forget that they must be thankful to the Great Spirit for all that they had. The children were taught to be kind to each other and to help anyone who was in need. They were also taught to listen whenever their elders were talking to each other or to them.

Little Bear thanked his mother and told her he would try to remember all she had said. He was very hungry, and it was hard for him to wait for his father to come home from the forest. His mother took one of the tiny loaves from the fire and broke off a piece for him.

As he was eating it, his father came into the wigwam, carrying two rabbits. The mother skinned the rabbits and laid the skins aside. They would help to make warm blankets. In a short time the rabbits were roasting over the fire. Little Bear then watched his mother put a handful of dried berries into the pot of boiled cornmeal. He liked that. After stirring the mixture a minute, the mother gave Little Bear and his father each a bowl of the good cooked cereal, into which she put some maple sugar. When they were served, she filled her own bowl, and by the time the family had eaten

their cornmeal, the rabbits were ready to eat.

Little Bear ate very fast and was first to finish the meal. He wanted to go out to play immediately, but he knew that he must wait while his father put tobacco on the fire to thank the Great Spirit for all the things that He had given to them. When the prayer was over, Little Bear ran out of the wigwam to find his friend. They had planned to go to the wilderness that day.

Star was waiting for Little Bear. He had finished his early meal long before Little Bear's father had returned with the rabbits. Now he had been waiting for a long time, and he was cold.

"Why did you not come in and wait near the fire, friend?" asked Little Bear. "You could have had a nice piece of meat with me."

Star replied, "Your mother was talking to you. She was telling you about the kindness of the Great Spirit. It would not have been polite for me to interrupt her; so I waited out here."

"I'm sorry that you got cold," said Little Bear. "Let us try to run faster than we did yesterday. That will make you warm again. After you are warm, we can get our bows and arrows. Perhaps we can find some meat to

bring home with us and surprise our fathers.'

Little Bear and Star ran until Star was warm. Then they went to their wigwams for their bows and arrows, and started for the wilderness. It was not far from the village. They knew that they must not go far unless they were with their fathers.

The day was cold and the snow was deep, but the boys found many tracks that the animals and the birds had left in their search for food.

"The animal people must be hungry if they are searching for food," said Little Bear. "Here are some squirrel tracks."

"The squirrel did not come out to hunt for food," replied Star. "He gathers enough during the Harvest Moon to last him all through the cold weather. Perhaps he thought he would like to run in the bright, warm sunshine. See, he did not go very far from that tree. He did not stay long. He turned right around and went back without stopping. He did not leave many tracks on the snow. I guess he thought his warm nest would be a good place to stay. It is not warm enough yet for him to like it out-of-doors."

"We are braver than the animal people,"



Leni-lenápe Wigwams

said Little Bear. "They do not like to stay out and play in the cold and the snow."

Star was a few moons older than Little Bear. He looked at his friend and said, "My friend, do you not know that a brave man would not speak of his courage to anyone? He would let others tell of it for him. It is good that you did not make that remark within the hearing of a warrior. He would have stopped us, and we would have had to stand and listen while he told us that it is not good to boast."

"A braggart is not brave. My father told me that. Yesterday he asked me if I were brave enough to take off my warm bearskin and roll in the deep, soft snow. We must always do as the older people say. I did roll in the snow, and it was cold against my skin. I thought I was brave. Then I ran into our wigwam as fast as I could and sat by the fire. I was cold! My father followed me into the wigwam, and I asked him if he did not think that I had been brave to roll in the cold snow. Do you know what he said to me? He said, 'My son, you should not let anyone hear you say that. It is well to wait until others tell you that you are brave. A brave man never tells of his own brave

deeds.' I shall never forget that, nor shall I forget the shame I felt."

Little Bear, too, felt ashamed. He knew that he had been boasting, but he resolved never to do it again. He thanked his friend for the story.

Star saw that Little Bear was feeling badly, and he wanted his friend to be happy. He pulled up his bow and fitted an arrow.

"Come on," he said. "Fit an arrow to your bow, and let's see who can shoot the farther."

Each boy let an arrow fly from his bow. Then they ran to see which had traveled the farther. Neither arrow had gone a great distance. There were many trees, and the trees had stopped the flight.

The boys were tired. It was hard work to walk through the deep snow.

"I guess all the animal people are in their homes where they can hide from the cold winter spirits," said Little Bear. "Let us go to our homes, too."

Star agreed, and the boys started homeward. They walked along without watching and listening as they had been taught to do when they were in the wilderness. Suddenly they heard a twig snap behind them. They turned quickly.

Their first thought was that it had been caused by a bear or a panther. But that was a foolish idea because the bear people sleep during the long, cold moons.

Star's eyes were sharper than Little Bear's. "Look," he cried proudly. "There comes my father. He is bringing home a deer. My father is a good hunter!"

The two boys ran to meet Star's father, but he did not smile a greeting to them. Instead he said sternly:

"My sons, I have been watching you for some time. You did not do as you have been taught. When you came out here to hunt, you did not climb a tree to use the eyes that the Great Spirit gave you. If you had climbed a tree, your eyes would have warned you that someone was near. Had I been an enemy, I could have captured and carried off both of you. You were not watching. I followed when you turned to go back. I stepped on the twig and let it break. I wanted to know if your ears were listening to tell you of danger. You must remember what we have taught you."

The two boys listened earnestly while Star's father spoke. They were sorry that they had



Star's Father with the Hornless Deer

not remembered what they had been taught, and felt that they would never forget again.

The old hunter went on, bent forward under the heavy weight of the deer. The two young hunters quietly walked behind him to the village.

At the wigwam Star's father laid the deer on the ground in front of the fire. The boys saw that the deer had no horns. The deer people lose their great crown of horns in the Frog Moon, and then hide from the wilderness people. Their horns are their defense; without them they cannot successfully fight their enemies. By the time the Autumn Moon comes, the deer has grown a new set of horns. Then he comes out of his hiding-place, once more able to protect himself.

Before doing anything else, Star's father threw some tobacco on the fire to thank the Great Spirit for the food. After that had burned, he threw some cornmeal into the fire as an offering to the spirit of the deer he had killed.

When the prayer was over, the mother skinned the deer. She laid the skin aside until she could prepare it for use. Then she cut up the meat. One tender piece she held out to Star,

saying, "You must always be generous to your friends. Give this piece of meat to Little Bear. He can carry it home to his mother."

Star handed the meat to his friend, and Little Bear thanked him. Then he thanked Star's mother and father.

"Come with me, friend," he said to Star. "We will take the meat to my mother's wigwam together."

The two boys ran off. Both were happy again. When Little Bear gave the meat to his mother, she thanked them both for their kindness and invited Star to stay and eat some of it.

Star could not stay, but he did not forget to thank Little Bear's mother for asking him. The shadows were getting very long. Father Sun was going into his wigwam to rest. At this time of the year Star liked to be at home near the bright fire when the sun disappeared in the west.

"Do not forget," said Star in parting from Little Bear, "that tomorrow we shall go into the wilderness again." Moving closer, he whispered, "And tomorrow we shall not forget to climb a tree and let our eyes tell us whether we are alone!"

The village looked lonely as Star hurried to his home. In the coming darkness the wigwams were but dim shapes. Most of the Indians were already inside their homes getting ready to eat their evening meal.

When Star pulled back the flap and entered his mother's wigwam, a good smell came to his nose. Fresh meat was roasting, and cornmeal was bubbling in its pot. Star's father, mother, and sister were already seated around the fire, and Star hurried to his mat. The mother heaped bowls with the steaming cornmeal and the fresh meat, and they all enjoyed the good food. Then, after the father had offered thanks to the Giver of All Things, he told about all that he had seen and done while he was in the forest that day.

Star was tired. As soon as the story was finished, he said good night to his family. They wished him pleasant dreams and then, wrapped in his warm bearskin, he lay down on a bed of furs.



THE WARNING OF THE OWLS

The soft, silvery light of a big round moon guarded the little Indian village which was wrapped in the quiet of a cold night. The whole village of the Unami, or Turtle Tribe of the Leni-lenápe people, was asleep. Only the cracking of the trees disturbed the winter stillness, until suddenly the deep hooting of a hungry owl floated out upon the silence. He was flying through the wilderness, hunting for a rabbit or a mouse who had braved the cold to search for food. After a time he alighted on the limb of a tree and called to his mate. This awakened the Indian people.

Little Bear's father got out of his warm bed and went to the fire. The Indians believed that the owl had no power over them for good or for evil. There was no need to make a prayer to him, but the Red People liked to show their gratitude for any kindness, and an owl at one time had sounded the alarm that had warned their war party of danger. The Indians never forgot that deed. The story of it was told to

every child. Little Bear's father often told it to him.

Hearing his father get out of bed, Little Bear jumped up and went to the fire to join him. Together they put some tobacco on the red coals. Little Bear hoped the smoke of their offering would reach the owl. He would know, then, that the Red People had not forgotten that the owl family had been kind to them.

Little Bear loved the story. He asked his father to tell it to him again.

"Wrap your bearskin around you, my son, and sit close to the fire," said the father. Then he put some wood on the embers and blew gently to start a blaze. When the fire was burning, he sat down beside his boy.

"Listen," he said, "while I tell you the story as my grandfather told it to me many, many snows ago. It happened when our people were at war with the Mengwe Tribe. The Mengwe were a very powerful nation.

"A band of our warriors had been sent ahead as scouts. After they had been gone for many days but had seen no enemy, they thought that the Mengwe must have left the country of our fathers and returned to their own homes. That

night, when the sun went into his wigwam, our scouts made a camp. They had not rested for a long time, and they were tired and hungry. After eating cornmeal, cooked over a fire just large enough to boil the water, they fell into a deep sleep.

“Suddenly an owl, the sentinel of the night, gave his call. Every warrior awakened and sat up. The owl people were excited. They had been disturbed. Not only one owl was calling, as usual, but many. They seemed to be saying, ‘Up! Up! Danger! Danger!’

“The moon was shining brightly, and our scouts quickly hid behind the friendly trees and rocks. Then each man quietly looked about to find the reason for the great excitement among the owl people. They knew that the owls were warning them of danger.

“It was not very long until they knew that the Mengwes had almost surrounded them. If it had not been for the warning of the owls, all in that scouting party would have been destroyed while they were asleep.

“When our warriors returned to their homes, they told the story to our people. Since that time we have never forgotten to thank the owl



An Owl, the Sentinel of the Night

people for saving the lives of those brave warriors."

The call of the owl was lost in the distance long before the father ended his story. Little Bear then spoke seriously, "When I have grown to manhood, I, too, will never forget to thank the owl people."

Then they both stood up. The father quietly tended the fire. Before Little Bear went back to his bed, the father again reminded him, "Never forget a kindness that has been done to any of your people. The Great Spirit will know, and He will be good to you. Good night, my son, dream good dreams."

No father ever forgot to teach his boy gratitude whenever he had a chance. That was every Indian boy's first lesson, and it was always repeated.

The next morning heavy clouds hung low over the Indian village, and the angry Wind People were roughly pushing the branches of the trees about. The gray clouds hid the sun from the Red People, who were up and waiting to welcome him with his light and warm rays.

Little Bear, his father, and his mother were

standing at the door of their wigwam. Star joined them, and Little Bear's father made his prayer to the Manito of the Air. He threw some tobacco to each of the Four Winds and asked their blessing. He asked the Manito of the Storm to take pity on the man people and send the Wind People back to their wigwams. When this prayer was over, all four went into the wigwam.

There the father put four stones into the fire, one for each of the winds. When the stones were hot, he put some tobacco on each one. Little Bear's mother brought a bowl of water and carefully sprinkled some of it on the tobacco. The smoke arose and found its way through the smoke hole. The sacrifice of tobacco and the prayer to the four manitos who govern the winds were over.

The two boys had stood very quietly. That was their way of helping to make the prayer. Afterwards they went out-of-doors. They were not afraid of the storm, and they hurried off to play in the snow.

Soon many little girls and women came out to gather wood. It was their duty to have a plentiful supply in the homes before the storm

drove them into their wigwams. No one liked to hunt for wood during a snowstorm.

From their babyhood little girls were taught that they must help their mothers. They gathered wood, helped to grind the corn, and helped to cook the food. If her mother was making pottery, baskets, mats, or clothing, the little girl would help with the work while her brother played games or did anything that might please him. He was not asked to help.

Little Bear saw his mother among the women. She was working alone, for she had no daughter. Star had a sister; so his mother did not have to do everything alone. Both boys now stopped their play and, as they often did, helped Little Bear's mother gather wood. When they carried it to the wigwam, she gave each of them a piece of corn bread and a piece of maple sugar. That was to thank them for the help they had given her.

As night came on, the wind grew stronger. It found its way into the wigwams, and everyone was glad that he had wood enough to keep him warm. It seemed as if a great storm had come upon the village. The Wind People were angry. They blustered and blew. They shook

the wigwams, but they could not blow them down. These Indians had learned how to make homes that the Wind People could not get hold of to destroy.

The wigwams in which Little Bear and Star lived were cone-shaped. They were not very large; neither were they very high. The framework was made of saplings, some of which grew right where they were used. Others had to be cut and set firmly into the ground. The tops of the saplings were bent over at the right height, interwoven, and firmly fastened together. This framework was carefully covered with strips of birch bark, or sometimes skins were used. There was an opening in the side that served as a door, and a smoke hole in the middle of the roof. Single families lived in such wigwams.

There were also wigwams in which several Indian families could live, each in its own part. These larger wigwams were called "long houses."

The Wind People were in a still angrier mood as they rushed through the great wilderness. Their cruel North Wind uprooted some of the trees. The trees were young. Their grip on Mother Earth was too weak to fight against this



NEW DENNY

Gathering Wood

mighty Manito of the North. He twisted, turned, and bent them until they were tired and discouraged. When they could not hold any longer, they lay down on Mother Earth to rest.

The manitos must have heard the prayers of the people, for the storm did not stay long. When the boys awakened the next morning, not even a little breeze was blowing and the sun was getting up as usual. Star and Little Bear took their bows and arrows and went out to play near the forest. There they saw some of the trees that cruel North Wind had uprooted. Little Bear and Star each found a tree, and together they dragged them to their wigwams. They would make good firewood.

A pair of older men, walking through the village, saw the boys dragging in the trees. They passed close enough for the boys to hear them speak.

"The fathers of those two boys should be very proud of them. They must be happy to have such thoughtful children," said one of the men.

"Yes. It is a pleasure to see boys who have listened and remembered what their elders have taught them," the other replied.

The boys were pleased at what they heard,

but they went right on and pretended they did not know whom the men were talking about.

The cold days were passing fast. Little Bear, Star, and the other boys were so busy playing that they did not notice the time go by. They ran races and practised with their bows and arrows so that they would become good warriors and hunters. They wrestled to make themselves strong. And, of course, they were given advice and taught the ways of their people whenever an old man came their way.

The boys also climbed trees to train their eyes. It was great fun to see which boy could discover an object so far off that the others had not noticed it. The Indians believed that if a boy learned to use his eyes well while he was young, when he grew to manhood he would be able to see the smallest object far off in the distance. He would not only know that the object was there, but he would be able to tell whether it was man or animal. Well-trained eyes had often warned a warrior of an enemy and enabled him to save his people.

While the boys were training their eyes, each really hoped that he would see a deer near the village. When a boy brought in his first deer, the

father gave a feast in his honor. Everybody in the village was invited to it. After that the boy was a hunter and could go along when the men went off on a hunt.

Little Bear and Star went into the forest almost every day. They liked to find the tracks that the animal people had left on the telltale blanket of snow. Snow does not keep the secrets of the wilderness.

One day after there had been a light fall of snow, the two boys started off to find fresh tracks. But not even a mouse or a rabbit had ventured out of his snug, warm home. The wind was blowing. These days the Wind People often came out of their wigwam to play around the sleeping trees.

The boys noticed that the clouds were heavy and that the wind was getting stronger. They wondered if the Wind People were warning them that a storm was on the way. The sun was hidden behind the clouds, and the boys thought that the clouds looked angry. They seemed to be piling up, like hills.

"Those look like wind clouds, and the air seems to whisper, 'Snow,' " said Star.

The boys hurried back to the village, where

they could play and be near to their wigwams.

As the day grew older, the wind became stronger. Little Bear, sitting comfortably before the fire in the wigwam that evening, told his father to listen to the war whoop of the North Wind. He was screaming threats at the man and the animal people as he rushed ahead and pushed his way through the trees.

Little Bear's mother sat at one side of the fire, preparing rabbit skins for blanket robes. She worked on these small skins with a rib-bone scraper until they were smooth and soft. Little Bear's father was busy making a new scraper of stone to use on heavier skins. He was making it from a thick piece of grayish slate about four inches long and half as wide. He had already rounded one end so that it could be used as a handle. Now he was carefully grinding each side of the other end to make it rounded and sharp. This sharp end would be used for scraping.

As he sat there slowly shaping the tool, the father told his boy the story of how good and evil were distributed among the animal and the man people.

"It was at the very beginning of the world,"

said the father, "when the man and the animal people joined to protect each other from the monsters that roamed over the land and ruled the water. One monster, in particular, was wiser than all the others. Nothing could stop him, neither mountain, nor water, nor marsh.

"The people became discouraged. They made a prayer to Gitche Manito and asked Him to help them. The Great Spirit replied that it was not always strength that overcame difficulties, that the brain was a greater weapon.

"The people then called a council and invited the chiefs of all the animal people to meet with the chiefs of all the man people. In the council the chief of the bear people said that all the animal people would help if the man people would agree to share the monster's brain with them. The man people agreed. It was known to all that the monster's brain was made up of every desire from wisdom and good to evil and deceit.

"The people prayed to all the manitos for help, and the manitos promised to watch over them. The great bear was selected to go out and challenge the monster to battle. It was decided that the bear chief should go out and sur-

prise the monster; then rush through a certain pass in the mountains. The Manito of the Rain promised to sit on the mountaintop just above the pass and send help to the bear.

“On the day of the battle everything went well. The great bear surprised the enemy and then started through the pass. The Manito of the Rain sent a great dark cloud. The chief of the bears looked, and felt, very small as he was running from the powerful monster. The bear became very much frightened, and began to think that the Rain Manito had forgotten him. Suddenly there was a great bolt of lightning. It struck the monster and killed him. His brains were scattered, in small pieces, all over the mountain-side. Then the man people and the animal people heard the voice of the thunder.

“ ‘Now,’ it said, ‘gather all the brains you can. Be very careful which part you take. Each part that you eat will become a part of you.’

“Everybody ran to get his share. All were greedy, and forgot to pick out the part that would give to him who ate it the nature he wanted. Everybody grabbed all sorts of pieces. That is why the turtle lays his eggs on land and lives both on land and in water. And that is why the

lives of men and animals are a mixture of good and evil. If our forefathers had been careful to select only the pieces of brain that best suited them, everyone might have been wise and good. There would be no envy or jealousy. But perhaps the Great Spirit did not want all to be alike. It is better, my son, as it is. Each must decide for himself. That is why you must struggle and fight against evil. Then you will be a respected warrior when you grow to be a man."

Little Bear sat wide-eyed as he listened to his father's story of the monster. He thought it was exciting, like the wind on the warpath out-of-doors. He was glad that there were no more monsters, that they lived only in the storyland of the Long Ago.

Little Bear went to the door of the wigwam with his father. The wind was saying good night. It was not so strong as it had been. Perhaps it was tired and was on its way back to its wigwam. Snow was falling fast. Little Bear wrapped his robe around him more tightly and went to his bed.

The next morning the boy awakened unusually early. Everything seemed hushed. He ran to the door. The whole world, as far as he could

see, was covered with a heavy blanket of newly fallen snow. The branches of the trees were bent with the weight of the heavy burden that the Cloud People had laid upon their outstretched arms. The branches were waiting for the morning sun to help them loosen the hold of the cold snow. They needed the Sun Manito to help them shake the snow down to join its brothers and sisters who had buried Mother Earth during the long cold night.



RE-WEAVING

THE SEARCH FOR A NEW HOME

The young boys again sat around the fire in the Storyteller's wigwam, waiting for him to tell them more of the story of their people. Stacked against one side of the wigwam was a plentiful supply of firewood. As the boys had come from their homes, each had gathered wood until his arms were full. All the children liked the old warrior and were eager to help him and his old wife.

Beside the Storyteller on the floor was a bundle of record sticks. The Leni-lenápe Indians kept records of the important events in their history by cutting notches or marks into sticks and pieces of bark. Sometimes the marks and symbols were burned or painted on the wood. These sticks were very important to the tribe, and the chief was responsible for their good care and safety.

Certain men in each band were trained so that they understood the meaning of each notch and form. The Storyteller was one of these men. Today he had borrowed a bundle of record sticks from the chief so that he could read them to the

young boys who were gathered all around him.

After thanking his listeners for bringing wood, the old man, as always, made a prayer to the Sun Manito and to the manitos of the Four Winds. Then he began to speak.

"Listen," he said. "I am going to tell you of the Long Ago. You must know and remember all that happened to our people on their long wanderings in search of a home."

He took a stick from the bundle and looked at it carefully. "These records," he explained, "tell me the story that you are going to hear. Our forefathers made them so that we would never forget what they did many, many snows ago."

The old man laid the stick on the ground in front of him and then, looking at his eager listeners, began:

"So long ago that our people would not know about it, had our forefathers not left these record sticks for us to read, our people lived in the far north. It was a cold country with much ice and snow. The planting time was short. Our forefathers could not raise much food, and there were many starving snows. They did not like the country they called home; so they met in a coun-

cil and decided to pack up and go in search of another land where they would have more food. They made up their minds that they would not stop traveling until they found the place where they would be happy to make a new home.

“These people started and moved toward the south. After traveling for a long time, they came to water so deep and so broad that they could not cross. But that did not stop them. They had not yet found what they were hunting for. They turned and went on land in the direction of the setting sun.

“A planting moon came soon afterwards, and the travelers stopped and made camp. They did not like to waste a planting time. They raised crops, hunted, and prepared food so that they would not starve when they continued on their journey.

“Our people remained in this western land for a long time. We do not know how long. Our record sticks tell us only that they raised many crops there. When the children of these Indians—or it may have been these children’s children, we cannot tell—grew to manhood, they decided to pack up and go on with the search for a better home. I cannot tell you what made

them decide to leave that place. The record sticks do not tell me.”

The old man took another stick out of his bundle and laid it before him beside the other one. Then he went on with his story.

“This record stick tells me that the people had harvested plenty of food to last them for a long time. They packed the food and the dried meat, and when all was ready, the whole tribe started to travel again.

“This time they went toward the land of the rising sun. These sticks say that the people journeyed a long, long time. Those who were children when they started grew to manhood and to womanhood. Their children also grew up, and perhaps it was even longer than that. They made many many camps along the way.

“While stopping in these different camps, the women raised and harvested many crops. The men hunted and brought in plenty of game. The women dried the meat and put it into bags. Each time, just as soon as their food supply was great enough to last for several moons, the tribe again took up its search for a new home.

“After a very, very long time our forefathers came to a great river. It was full of fish. The

river was known as the Namaesi Sipu. We call it the Mississippi. There the travelers made another camp. At this river camp they met the Mengwe, or Iroquois, people. The Mengwe tribe was also hunting for a new home.

“Our people sent scouts ahead to find out who lived on the other side of the great water. Our forefathers liked the country they had found and thought that this was where they would like to stop and make their new home.

“When the scouts returned, they told our people that a mighty tribe made its home on the other side of the big water and that they had built many towns there. The people were tall and strong, and the scouts had seen many powerful warriors among them. The scouts also reported that the people across the river called themselves the Alligewi, or Cherokee, and that they were a very warlike nation.

“These record sticks say,” the Storyteller went on, “that those of our people who had arrived on the shore of the Namaesi Sipu first waited until the rest of the band joined them. When all were gathered together, the scouts repeated what they had learned of the people who lived on the other side of the river. Then our forefathers called a

council and decided to send messengers to the powerful Alligewi to ask their permission to settle across from them.

“The messengers went and made the request. To it the Alligewi replied that all this was their country and that they would not share it with strangers. The messengers returned and gave that answer to our people.

“Our forefathers were tired, but they decided to go on with their search for a new home. They sent the messengers back to the village of the Alligewi to ask if they would permit the tribe to pass through their country at peace. This request was granted, and our people started to cross the great Namaesi Sipu.

“Our tribe numbered a great many people. When the Alligewi saw this, they ordered our forefathers to stop crossing the river. Our people had asked for permission. The permission had been granted. Now the Alligewi broke their word. This caused a war between our tribe and the Alligewi Indians. Our people would not retreat. They did not want war; they would rather have had peace. But now that war had been forced upon them, they were determined to show the enemy that they were not cowards.

They would not be driven away from the shore.

“The Mengwe people, as I told you before, were camped above us on the great water. Their scouts told them of our trouble, and the Mengwe sent messengers down to our camp. They offered to join us against the Alligewi if we would agree to divide the country with them in case of victory. Our people accepted the offer.

“From then on the two tribes fought together, but our people were always the leaders. Our forefathers were strong. They were brave warriors. Our people fought well. It was not long before the Alligewi could see that they were about to be conquered by a stronger people. The enemy left their towns and, with their women and children, retreated down the great water. Our people did not follow them. To the south the Alligewi found a new country full of game, and there they made new homes. They were soon happy again, and they have lived there ever since.

“After the Alligewi had gone, the Mengwe and our people called a council. They met together to decide where each should make his home. The Mengwe were satisfied with the country to the north where they had already

stopped. So there was no trouble in dividing the land that was taken from the Alligewi. The two tribes lived at peace for a great many snows."

The old man stopped for a moment and looked at the group of boys. He saw that they were very much interested; so he took a new record stick and continued:

"This stick does not tell how many snows our people lived in the land of the Alligewi before they again became restless. Many decided to stay there always; they had learned to love their new homes. But our own forefathers packed their belongings and started once more toward the land of the rising sun.

"After many days of travel they came into sight of high mountains. They could not think what might lay beyond them—perhaps the home of the rising sun! The food that they carried with them was fast being used; so they made a camp in the foothills. There the people found plenty of water and game. Still our forefathers did not feel that this was the land for their new home.

"A few days later some of the hunters climbed the great mountain nearby to see what was on the other side. They saw a wonderful stream

of good water flowing toward the east. We know this was the Susquehanna River. The hunters followed it for many, many sleeps. Finally they came to another great water, the Chesapeake Bay. Still they did not go back and report to their people. Instead they scouted along the shore of the bay until at last it led them to an even larger body of water that tasted of salt. That was the ocean.

“Several of the hunters cut down a big tree and made a boat for themselves. They followed along the shore in this while the other hunters walked on land near the ocean’s edge. After a long time they came to another river that emptied into the great salt water. This was the Delaware River.

“The hunters called the wonderful country through which they were traveling Schey-ich-bi, which means Long Land Water.

“They continued to explore the country until at last they were stopped by another big water, which we now know as the Hudson River. Then they decided that they had gone far enough. They had been away a long time and were very much pleased with the new land they had found. And they knew that their people would be happy

to hear of this country with so much water and such great forests—a country full of fish, game, fruits, and tortoises; a country with rivers that were the homes of water birds.

“The hunters returned to the homes they had left in the foothills of the mountain. They told the people that they had discovered a great land of plenty. They said that though they had traveled in many directions, they had met no enemies on their long journey. They felt sure that Gitche Manito had led them and that He meant the wonderful country to be their home.

“Our forefathers thought that the hunters were right. So once more the women packed the food and supplies, and our people started on the long journey that brought them to the land where we live today.

“Our people are divided into three tribes. and each tribe is divided into twelve families, one in honor of each of the twelve manitos who help the Great Spirit.

“The Mensi tribe settled in the mountain country. The wolf is their totem. We call them Round Feet because of the shape of the wolf’s paw. Wherever you see a round paw cut or painted on a rock, a piece of bark, or a wigwam,

it means the Mensi tribe lives or has passed there.

“The Unami people selected a home farther down the river. Their totem is the tortoise. The great tortoise was the first living thing. He bears the earth on his back. Because our own people, yours and mine, claim the tortoise as our ancestor, our sachem, or chief, is the head-chief of all the Leni-lenápe people. It is the only totem of our people where the whole animal is shown to represent the tribe.

“The third tribe is the Unalachtigo. These people live near the great salt water. Their totem is the turkey, and their sign is that bird’s foot. There was a fourth tribe, but it is no more. That tribe is lost.

“The Wolf Tribe selected the mountain country for their home because they are the most warlike. They live behind the other two tribes. From their home they can watch the Mengwe people. They can send messengers to warn their brothers, and can be ready to help, if those people should attempt to attack us.”

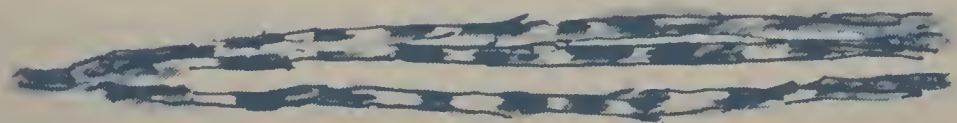
The Storyteller had read the last record stick. Now he picked them all up and carefully tied them into a bundle again. He did this so that

none would ever become separated or lost.

"Today," he ended, "I have read you the records on these sticks. You have heard more of the story of your people. Do not forget the things that you have heard. Some day you will see the records on bark that our people made of their travels. It is the Great Walam Olum."

After offering a prayer to the Great Spirit, he dismissed the boys by saying, "It is getting late. Run home to your wigwams and to your evening meals."

The boys listened until the old man had finished speaking. Then they thanked him for the story and went out of his wigwam. They felt that they had learned much about the history of their people. As they ran to their homes, they called good night to one another. The smell of good stew was in the air, and it made them hungry. When they entered their homes, their families were ready to eat the evening meal. Soon afterwards the village was asleep, and the boys, no doubt, dreamed of their forefathers.



THE BONE GAME

The cold moons seemed very long to the little girls, but the boys did not mind them. They liked to hunt, find animal tracks, or play war party in the snow. Of course they had to study, but their lessons were play. In them they learned the things they needed to know to become warriors and hunters.

Unlike the boys, the girls had little time for play. They had work to do. Most of the time they were busy within the wigwam, but it was also a part of their work to gather wood. It was hard to find wood when the snow was deep. The girls also had lessons. They made mats and jars, and learned to weave. They made things for their fathers and brothers as well as for themselves. Girls had to learn all the things that they would do when they grew to be women.

Like the boys, the girls were eager to hear their parents and others among the grown-ups say that they were kind and thoughtful. When an Indian girl had finished her work at home, she often went to a wigwam where old people lived

and helped the old Indian women with whatever they had to do. The old people never forgot to tell the girl's mother of such kindness. And the mother always smiled at her daughter and thanked her for remembering the lesson she had been taught. Of course, that made the little girl feel happy and proud, and she would look about for more things to do.

Little girls liked to be praised, but they did not have as many opportunities to earn it as their brothers had. A boy was praised just for helping in his own wigwam, but it was a girl's duty to help with everything her mother did. It had always been that way among the Red People. There was never any question about the work and play of Indian children.

The men of the village knew that the ice on the river would soon break up, and during these last cold moons they prepared for fishing time. They twisted strands of wild hemp or milkweed into strong, new fishlines. Those who preferred it made their lines from the inner bark of certain trees. Fishhooks they made from bone or stone or, sometimes, bird claws. They also put new bone points on their fish spears.

The women knew that even before they went

to the fishing camp, they would go to the forest and make maple sugar. It was a part of their work to have ready all the things that would be needed in both camps—plenty of food, big pots in which to boil the sap, and racks on which to dry the flesh of fish and game. All this, in addition to the daily duties of cooking, housework, and making clothing, bags, and pack straps, kept the women and girls busy.

Boys, even when they were quite young, were often called to the village council fire. There they heard the wise men talk over village affairs and were taught the duties of warriors. They liked even better the time during the meeting when they were told of the brave deeds of their people.

Sometimes at the meeting a councilman brought out many belts and strings made of wampum, or beads. Each had its own use. There were long belts and short belts. Some were wide, and others were narrow. Some of the wampum was black, some was white, and on some of the belts there were marks of red paint. The belts were always left in the sachem's care.

Holding up a belt made of all white beads, the chief told the boys, "This white wampum means

good will and friendship toward all people.”

Then he exchanged the white belt for a dark one and went on, “Black wampum is the sign of discontent. When war is to be declared, we use red paint on dark wampum. A dark wampum belt with a red tomahawk on it means war. Red is never put into any belt if it is to be used for any purpose other than to indicate war.

“A war belt wrapped around a roll of tobacco, when sent to a friendly nation, indicates that we are inviting our friends to join us in a raid upon an enemy. The tribe to which the belt is sent will call a council at once. The war captain will not give his answer to our messenger until the council has carefully considered the question and every councilman has been called upon to talk.

“If the war captain accepts the invitation, he returns the belt but keeps the tobacco. His warriors then smoke the tobacco and say, ‘This tobacco smokes well.’ But if the invitation is not accepted, both the belt and the tobacco are refused.

“A belt that is made of two rows of white wampum with a string of dark woven through the center from one end to the other means good

will. When we send or receive such a belt, it shows that the two peoples are on friendly terms.”

The boys listened eagerly to every word the chief said. Each hoped that some day he would be called upon to act as a messenger and carry a belt to one of the other tribes.

On another day the old chief of the village called the boys into the council house and told them about the great Algonquin Nation to which they belonged. What they heard made them very proud. They learned that the forefathers of their own family, the Leni-lenápe, were the grandparents of all the Algonquin people.

“Each tribe of our family,” the chief explained, “has its own chief. Our sachem, the head-chief of the Unami, or Turtle Tribe, is also the head-chief or sachem of all three tribes of the Leni-lenápe family. But his son cannot succeed him to that position because an Indian child belongs to his mother and the mother is never of the father’s clan.

“The one who is to become the new head-chief is selected during the lifetime of the ruling sachem. That is because he must be carefully trained in his duties before it is time for him to



The Boys in a Village Council

take office. The new head-chief is chosen in council by the chiefs of all the bands of the Leni-lenápe family. Sometimes they choose a woman. We have always found our women sachems to be wise.

“When the shadow of our sachem starts on its way to the Happy Southland, the two remaining chiefs meet with a council and with the people. These sub-chiefs prepare talks, which are recorded in two wampum belts. When all is ready, the people, led by the two sub-chiefs, march in a procession into the village that is the home of the new sachem. Singing the speeches which they have prepared, the two sub-chiefs enter the village in advance of their followers. They go directly to the council house, where twelve fires burn in honor of the twelve manitos. The sub-chiefs take their places with the new sachem on the side of the council house that is toward the rising sun. Not until then do the people enter.

“When all are seated, one of the sub-chiefs stands and sings his talk. First he names the new sachem and announces that the home of the new head-chief will be the council house. Then he reminds the people of their duties and those of their chiefs. In a clear voice he sings that the

people must obey their new sachem and help him in his duties. He tells them that the duty of the head-chief and his two sub-chiefs is to take care of, and watch over, everything that concerns the Leni-lenápe people. Those three chiefs must cherish the friendship of the other Indian nations. It is the duty of the head-chief especially to preserve peace. He is not permitted to make war, nor may he receive a war belt without the approval of the war captain. On the other hand, the war captain cannot make peace. He must refer all speeches for peace to the sachem. All this the sub-chief chants so that everyone may understand. These talks are recorded by two wampum belts.

“Then, handing the speech bag which contains the important wampum belts and strings, to the new sachem, the speaker tells him that it is his most sacred duty to guard this bag and its contents.

“The warriors always provide meat for the head-chief, and the Indian women help his wife with her work at planting time. A sachem must always have plenty, for he must be ready to offer food to anyone who enters his wigwam.”

Suddenly the old chief stopped talking. The

boys were young. He knew that if he told them too much at one time, it would be hard for them to remember all that he said. The chief wisely concluded:

“I have told you many important things today. I shall tell them to you many more times. If you listen well, and remember, you will know the ways of our people before you have grown to manhood. There is much to learn.

“Now you may go. The sun does not go to rest as early as it did in the colder moons. You still have time for play before you must go to your wigwams.” After a moment the chief added simply, “I have spoken.” The boys knew that this meant that a speaker had finished what he wanted to say.

Outside the meeting place the boys held a little council of their own and decided to play war party. They quickly chose sides, and each side chose a war captain. Almost at once the boy captains gave their orders, and their “men” started for hiding-places behind rocks and trees. Soon snowballs, instead of arrows, flew whenever an enemy was sighted. If a ball hit its mark, the victor gave a war cry. Not until they grew to manhood would these boys learn the real war



The Game of War Party with Snowballs

whoop, but the yells they gave were as fierce as they could make them.

Each boy tried to show how brave he was. Sometimes one would jump from behind a tree or rock and run across an open space so that the enemy could see him. The enemy was always watching. It was seldom that the boy got back to his shelter in time to escape the snowballs sent in his direction.

After a time one of the boys noticed that the shadows had grown long. He jumped out from behind his tree and made the sign of peace. Then all the boys came out from their hiding-places, and they pretended to have a council. They did stop long enough to plan another war party for the next day. After deciding to start the game earlier so that they would have more time to play, the boys raced for the village.

Little Bear stopped at Star's wigwam to sit near the fire and get warm. He was surprised to see his own father and some of the other warriors sitting on mats in the center of the room. They were playing the bone game. Star's mother motioned to the boys to come and sit near her so that they would not bother the men. The boys did as she said. They liked to watch this game.

Star's father had a wooden bowl in his hands. In the bowl were twelve flat bones. One side of each bone was white, but the other side had been painted a bright color. Star's father shook the bones around and around in the bowl. After he had shaken them until he was satisfied, he tossed them into the air. Then he caught them in the bowl as they came down. All the men watched, keenly interested, while he carefully counted the bones that had landed with the white side up. Each white side counted one point.

The boys were so eager to see and count for themselves that they almost sprang from their mats. Star's mother must have expected them to do that, for she had a hand on each boy. As the boys started to move, she tightened her hold. They understood and sat still. Both boys were glad she had reminded them not to disturb the players. That would have been impolite, and perhaps they would have had to listen to a lesson from their elders.

The men played on and on. They loved the game and forgot how long they were playing. At last Star's mother reminded them that the sun would soon be saying good night. She said that it was time for her to get the evening meal,

and she invited them to stay and eat. Of course, they would not stay. They stopped playing, and Star's father put his bowl and the bones away.

Little Bear and his father walked home together. The sun had reached his western home, but it was not yet dark.

After the mother had greeted them, she said, "My son, I am surprised that the chief kept you at his wigwam as late as this."

"Our son has not been at the council house all this time," the father replied. "Some of us warriors have been throwing bones with Star's father, and the boys have been watching us."

As soon as the mother knew that the men had been playing the bone game, she laughed. Then she said, "Now I am surprised that you came home as early as you did." She knew that the men found it difficult to stop once they started to play that game.

The little family sat down to eat, and the father said, "My son, this is the Frog Moon. Soon you and I will have to go to the wilderness. We must find a good sycamore tree and make a new boat. It must be ready when the Sugar Moon comes."

"Will there be time then, Father, during the

Sugar Moon, to teach me to hunt?" asked Little Bear.

"Perhaps," the father replied. "It will make me happy when you are old enough to help me with the hunting."

And the father's promise made Little Bear happy.

After the evening meal the boy and his father went out of the wigwam and looked up at the calm night sky. Here and there a star sparkled brightly.

"See," said the father. "The moon is round. It gives us light when the sun is asleep. Soon it will be only half a moon and then, when the new moon comes, we must be ready to start for the sugar camp."

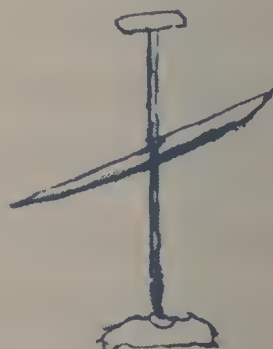
The father pointed to the North Star. "That great star in the north," he said, "shines at night to help the hunters. The hunter marks the course he is going to take by that star. He is our best friend among the star people. He never moves his wigwam. His home is always in the same place, and he is always ready to guide us.

"Do you see that bright trail across the sky? That is the path over which our people pass on their way to the Happy Southland, where they

meet their friends. It is the trail to the happy land of our forefathers of the Long Ago."

Little Bear bade the friendly North Star good night, and he and his father went back into the wigwam.

"Rest well tonight, my son," the father said. "You have been called to go to the wigwam of the Storyteller again tomorrow. You must be well rested so that you can listen carefully and remember all that he tells you. The young men have been called to go to the wilderness council tomorrow. When you are grown and have learned the history of our people from the Storyteller, you, too, will be called to the wilderness council."



A WILDERNESS COUNCIL

Early the next morning the little boys watched the warriors and young men leave for the wilderness council. Each little boy wished that he, too, was old enough to go to this important meeting.

Once or twice each year there was held a great council of the Leni-lenápe warriors. It met in the wilderness, where the men could talk and not be disturbed. Every young man who was old enough to join the warriors was called to these assemblies. Besides making decisions concerning the whole Leni-lenápe family, the council gave instructions to the young men regarding many things that they might soon be called upon to do for their people.

At the wilderness council the men, young and old, sat about a great council fire. After prayers the head-chief placed a large flat piece of bark on the ground in front of him. When all was quiet, he opened the speech bag.

The Leni-lenápe Indians had no books. But they did have records of their myths and of the important events in their history. Such records

were made in different ways. Many were preserved on record sticks. The sacred traditions of the tribe were kept on pieces of prepared bark, known as the *Walam Olum*. This name means "red score," and was used because the pictures that told the stories were painted in red on the bark. Important decisions of the council, concerning the *Leni-lenápe* family, were often woven into strings or belts made of wampum. These strings and belts were kept by the head-chief in a speech bag. In this bag were also kept the strings and belts that had been sent to, or received from, other tribes. A story was connected with each of these, and in each tribe were wise men who had been trained to tell the stories to the young men.

After opening the speech bag, the head-chief laid all the strings and belts that were in it on the piece of bark before him. Then the wise man who had been selected to act as orator stood and held up a belt. In a very grave manner he told the story regarding it. When he had finished, he handed the belt back to the chief, who very carefully, and with much ceremony, returned it to the speech bag. Thus, the orator went on until he had told the story of each belt and string,



A Story for Each Wampum Belt

always being sure to mention any brave deed connected with it.

The young men were eager to learn. They knew how important it was that they listen attentively and try to remember every word. It was a great honor to be an orator, and each hoped that some day he might prove himself worthy of this position.

Important messages from one tribe to another were usually carried by young men. It was necessary that they be taught how to act when they were messengers. Such instruction was next given in the wilderness council.

The listeners were told that important messages were carried by two of the most promising young men of the tribe. One of them delivered the message to the chief to whom it was sent; the other paid close attention to all that the chief said or did so that he would be able to tell his own people just what happened.

Sometimes the messengers were told to "draw it underground." This meant that the message was intended only for the person who was named. Those in charge of such a message were ordered to let no one know of their mission except the one to whom it was sent.

The warriors who were selected to carry especially important messages were told to "enter the earth." It was explained to the young men in the wilderness council that such messages were so important that not even the messengers themselves should be seen by others. In order to avoid this, the young men were instructed to use other than the regular trails and to climb trees often so that they could watch their path a long way ahead. If they should see anyone coming, they must hide.

The young men were told that even such secret messengers would often be seen in the village to which they were sent. But in that event the messengers would receive the same treatment that was practised in their own village. The people who saw them would pass by and not let the strangers know that they had been noticed. Among the Indians, messengers were always respected.

Those who carried the very important secret messages were required to hide in the village of the chief to whom they were sent until the sun had gone to rest. At that time, under the cover of darkness they could quietly enter the wigwam of the chief. There they would carefully remove

the white clay that always covered the belt or pipe or string that was being sent. Then it was time for the one messenger to step forward, offer the gift, and make his speech.

Of course, the persons who saw the messengers told the chief, but the chief appeared to give no attention to the tale. A chief called such reports "songs of a bird that has flown by." Nevertheless, if the news sounded important, he was watchful, and a chief was usually ready to receive even a secret messenger.

In the wilderness council the young men were reminded often that they must share with those who were in need. They were told that the Great Spirit had sent the animals and had made the crops grow so that there would be plenty for the whole tribe. If there were not enough for everyone to have all he needed, then each must share alike.

That only the beasts in the forests fight with their relatives was another thing told to the young warriors. These Indians said that when relatives fight, it is just like two knives trying to destroy each other's sharp edge. The edges come together, but they destroy only that which comes

between them. "That which comes between the two knives," explained the orator, "is the brotherhood and the loyalty of the relatives."

Although they had heard it many times as boys, the young men were again taught that they should not be cowards. They were told that a young man who had proved himself to be without courage would find no welcome in his tribe. He would be ridiculed by all his people. Even the women and the girls would make fun of him.

The Leni-lenápe Indians had no written laws. Serious difficulties were settled in council. The chief was always present, and every councilman had a chance to express his opinion. Everyone respected the council, and its decision was accepted as final. However, there were many matters that were not taken to the council. These generally concerned difficulties between individuals. Among other things that the wilderness council tried to help the young men understand were the customs of their people in settling such difficulties.

When someone was injured or killed by another, the young men learned, it was the custom to give the injured man or woman the right to fix the punishment of the one who caused the

injury. Such troubles were not taken to the council unless the wrong concerned the whole band.

If the wrongdoing was of major importance, the offender was taken before the council. That body tried to learn the whole story, and the offender was asked to tell his side. After both sides had been heard, the councilmen made their decision.

Sometimes the relatives of the one who had been injured or killed were allowed to set the punishment. Often, especially when a person had been killed, the family required some sort of payment. This might be many strings of wampum. If the person killed were a woman, her family could demand twice as many strings as they could claim for the death of a man. If the one who committed the wrong would not pay what the relatives asked, the council met again. This time it fixed the penalty.

These Indians would not tolerate one who intentionally injured another of his own people. Such a person was despised by everyone. The council would meet and publicly disgrace the guilty person by ordering him out of the village. He became an outcast. All could see what happened to the person who disobeyed tribal laws.

All these things the young warriors learned in the wilderness councils. They listened willingly, for there were positions in each Leni-lenápe tribe that were greatly desired by the young men. There was a group of councilmen, who met with the chiefs and helped to govern the people. A few were selected to learn the story of the wampum belts and strings; they became the orators of the tribe. Others learned to read the record sticks; they became storytellers. Some were picked to be messengers. There were many young men and only a few desirable positions. Each knew that if he expected to be chosen, he must remember what he had heard, and help the tribe in every way that he could.

As the time approached for the men to return from the council, the little boys in the village kept a constant watch. As soon as they saw the group in the distance, they ran to meet their fathers so that they could walk back with them.

One night, after the men had returned from the wilderness and the evening meal was over, Little Bear's father said, "My son, I shall tell you the story of the wampum.

"When our people made their homes here, they found many beautiful shells. At first they

used them chiefly as ornaments. They would drill a hole in the center of a shell and then run through it a string to be worn around the neck.

“Later, when our ancestors went to the great salt water to get oysters and clams, they found many more shells there. These they eagerly hunted and saved.

“After a time the people learned to make beads out of the shells. They became able to make them so smooth that no roughness could be felt when they rubbed the beads over their noses. Such beads are regarded as perfect.

“At first each made his own beads, but later it became possible to exchange them for other things that might be desired. It was easier to find white shells than either purple or black. So the white shells came to be less valuable than the colored ones.

“To make a bead, a piece is broken from a periwinkle, a hard-shelled clam an oyster, or a conch shell, and is held in a split stick that serves as a vise. Then the grinding is done with a piece of stone. Our people have become so skillful at this that they can grind a bead until it is no thicker than a heavy straw and not much longer than a kernel of corn. After holes have been

drilled, the beads are strung on a sinew taken from the back of an animal.

“It takes a long time to make a wampum bead. This is why the whole tribe works when we are making a belt.”

Little Bear was glad to know the story of wampum. He thought that it must have taken a very long time to make all the belts and strings that their sachem had in the speech bag. He went to bed thinking of what his father had told him, and wondered whether Star knew the story. If not, he would tell it to him in the morning. In another moon they would go to the fishing camp, and then he and Star could gather some shells for themselves. Perhaps they could learn to make wampum.



WARRIORS BECOME PEACEMAKERS

The village was very quiet while the young men and the warriors were away at the wilderness council, for at the same time the little boys were gathered about the fire in the Storyteller's wigwam. The old man knew that it would soon be time for the children to go with the hunters and learn the ways of the woods people. Then story-telling time would be over. Before they went, he wanted to tell them more of the story of their people.

"The last time you were here," the Storyteller began when the boys were sitting quietly, "I told you how our people came here to make this beautiful country their home. Today I shall tell you how the Mengwe deceived our forefathers and caused them to be peacemakers. But before we begin the story, we must make our prayer to the Manito of the Sun and the manitos of the four winds."

At the request of the Storyteller the boys stood and faced the home of Gitche Manito. "Gitche Manito," the old man said, "has his wigwam on

the other side of the rising sun." Having spoken, the Storyteller gravely put some tobacco on the fire. The boys watched the smoke start upward and float out of the hole in the roof. They knew that the smoke was on its way, carrying their prayers to the manitos.

"Now," said the old man, "sit close to the fire. Listen carefully and try to remember what I shall tell you."

He untied his bundle of record sticks, selected one, then began:

"After our people came here to live, they prospered and became very strong. Gitche Manito was very kind to them. They had plenty of food stored away, and they also had plenty of furs. Their neighbors on the north, the Mengwe, became jealous of our people's power and prosperity. They feared the strength of our forefathers and set about making trouble for them.

"The Mengwe hoped that they could cause a war between our people and their friendly southern neighbors, the Talligewi. One day a party of Mengwe warriors surprised a hunting party of the Talligewi. After robbing and completely destroying these hunters, the Mengwe returned

to their home without leaving any trace of themselves. They made several such raids. Then they called a council and planned to arrange it so that the Talligewi would believe that our people had made the attacks.

“Each of our warriors always carried a war club on which were cut his totem and that of his tribe. The Mengwe again set upon the Talligewi and this time they left a war club marked with our totem near the bodies of the dead hunters. When the Talligewi found that war club, they believed that our people had made the raids. This was just what the Mengwe wanted.

“In return, the Talligewi fell upon a band of our hunters and destroyed them. Our people saw no reason why the Talligewi should make war upon them. The two nations had been at peace, and neither had sent a war belt to the other. They did not suspect the treachery of the Mengwe. However, our people considered this act sufficient cause to declare war upon the Talligewi, and did so. Soon they took some prisoners. From one of these our people learned what had happened. Then they knew the Mengwe had been the cause of the trouble.

“Our forefathers called a council. It was de-

cided to send a messenger to the Talligewi with the white wampum belt of peace. The Talligewi received the belt, and once more there was peace between the two nations. At the same time it was decided to drive out the false Mengwe in the north. To them was sent a string of dark wampum with red paint upon it. That meant the spirit of strife was loose, and that our people had declared war upon them.

“The plans of the Mengwe had failed. They were afraid of our people because they knew that the Leni-lenápe were very strong. Next the Mengwe sent messengers to all the bands that made up their family, inviting them to a council. The Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas, and the Senecas sat around a great council fire. It was decided that these five nations would unite in an attempt to conquer our people. They were not able to do this. Our people succeeded in driving them back.

“A strange white-skinned people from across the great salt water came just as our people were waging this war. They made homes for themselves north of the Mengwe. The Mengwe saw that these white people also were very strong. This became a new worry. The white people

were taking their land; so the Mengwe declared war upon them. Now the Mengwe had trouble both on the north and on the south. They decided that it was necessary for them to make peace with their strong red neighbors. If they did not, they were afraid they would lose their country. The Mengwe called a council and sent messengers, carrying a string of white wampum, to our war captains. They asked our tribe to meet with them in council. Our people accepted the white wampum and went to the meeting.

“Now, my children, as I told you, the Mengwe were false. We should not have trusted them. As soon as they found that they could not fight both enemies, they had met to plan another way to degrade us.”

The old warrior spoke with great feeling, and his listeners, too, were very serious. He laid aside the record stick that he had been reading and picked up another. After looking at it a long time, he went on with the story.

“The plan that the Mengwe decided upon meant a great deal to them. If it succeeded, they knew that our people could not be other than friendly. They would have the help of our strong nation. If it did not succeed, then we would be

their worst enemy. They also knew that if their plan did succeed, it would take fame and power from our great warriors.

“Their plan was to make our people act as peacemakers. Our warriors were to become women. Women do not hold the power to make peace, but a woman may go to warring tribes and ask for peace. A warrior cannot do that. A warrior could not go to an enemy with the white wampum belt in one hand and a tomahawk in the other. To do that would be as if he wore two faces. A woman does not carry the war club of the warrior. She can beg for peace. Were it not for the women, many tribes would have fought until they were destroyed.

“Women can plead with the warriors. They can remind them of their women and children at home. They can ask the warriors to go back and take care of their families. Women can ask those who are fighting to lay down their war clubs and smoke the pipe of peace with their neighbors. They can tell the warriors of both tribes what brave men they are. The efforts of the women are usually successful; most times they bring peace. This was the position that the Mengwe asked our forefathers to take.

“This record stick tells me that our people listened. Our councilmen were wise. They knew that everything the Mengwe said was true. The tribes would kill each other if the war spirit was not put to rest. The white people were coming in such great numbers that they would soon occupy all the land that the Gitche Manito had given to our forefathers.

“When our councilmen returned from the great council fire and reported what the Mengwe had planned, our people called a council. They did not like to do what had been asked of them. They talked about it for a long time. At last, unfortunately, they decided to accept the position of women. So they laid down their weapons.

“It was true, as the Mengwe had said, that our people were strongest. It was true that they had great courage. It was also true that the tribes of all the nations would have great respect for the advice that our men would give. The Mengwe had said that the stronger tribes would not listen to the advice of a weaker tribe. Our people believed that it was their duty to end the wars. They thought that the Mengwe had been honest in their talks in the council. But our men had been deceived.

“Our record sticks show that the plans were carried out as the Mengwe had hoped they would be. Our people, the people that the Mengwe feared most, became peacemakers. The bravest warriors of the strongest nation had accepted the position of women. A great feast was held. Prayers were made to Gitche Manito by placing tobacco on the fire. There were talks by the chiefs and war captains of the Mengwe and by our own men. The three great families of our people were declared women. Our men buried their war weapon, the tomahawk, with great ceremony.

“This record stick tells me that our people invited the Mengwe to our great council house. They invited all the tribes to a great feast. The Mengwe laid the long belt of peace, the chain of friendship, across the shoulders of our three bands. They then invited our people to a feast at their home. When the people had gathered there, the Mengwe made a great speech, which was divided into three talks.

“In the first talk they declared our people to be women. They placed upon us the woman’s dress. By this they meant that from that time on our people must never again carry the weapons

of war. When this first talk ended, they gave our tribe a belt of wampum.

“With the second talk they gave our people a bag of oil and another of medicine. With the oil our men were to clean the ears of other nations so that they would listen to good advice and not to evil. The medicine was for those who were foolish; it would make their hearts wish for peace. When the second talk ended, the Mengwe gave our people a second belt of wampum.

“In the third talk the Mengwe said that our people, the great Leni-lenápe family, must make the raising of crops their chief occupation. Those who had been brave warriors were now to hold the hoe and the grinder in their hands. Then they gave our tribe a third belt of wampum. Our people were then peacemakers. Our men were as women.

“For a long time our people did not suspect the Mengwe of wrong. Our men did act as women. Before our tribe had accepted the three belts, they had not allowed the Mengwe to hunt on our land. Now they hunted over all our land. They also left some of their warriors in each of our villages. They said that their warriors remained to protect our people. The Mengwe

crossed our country to visit our neighbors. We did not object.

“This record stick says that at last we learned how false the Mengwe were. They tried to do again what they had done before. Some of their warriors went into the Talligewi country and destroyed a band of hunters. As before, they left a war club with the Leni-lenápe totem cut on it. The Talligewi were again deceived. They believed that our people had betrayed them, and they sent a war party against our tribe. The Mengwe expected that this would happen and were ready. They sent a messenger to our village. He told our people that a war party from the Talligewi was on its way. The Mengwe asked our people to send men to meet a band of their warriors that was being sent to protect our village. The messenger said that our men would be protected.

“Our forefathers thought that the Mengwe were trying to do their duty, and our men were sent to the appointed place. But the Mengwe were not there. Instead the Talligewi came and attacked our men, who were not prepared to fight, and nearly destroyed them. However, the Mengwe were not far away. They had been

watching, and when the fight was over, they came forward. They told our men that they should have waited for the brave Mengwe to arrive. Our people then suspected that the Mengwe were not acting in good faith.

“Our men returned to their homes and sent messengers to the Talligewi. Messengers sent from one tribe to another are always respected; so our messengers reached the Talligewi unharmed. Our people asked what was the cause of the trouble. The Talligewi told them the truth. Both peoples again found that the Mengwe were the trouble makers. They had even promised to help the Talligewi conquer the great Lenilenápe.

“The messengers returned and repeated what they had learned to our people. Our war captain called a council. This was the first council of war held by our people since they had become peacemakers. The council decided that our men would no longer act as women. They would no longer be peacemakers. The warriors, with much ceremony, dug up the buried tomahawk. Our forefathers said that the Mengwe were no more than croaking frogs in a tiny pool. They made a great noise when all was quiet, but they

were ready to jump into the pool at the rustling of a leaf. A war belt was prepared and sent to the Mengwe. Our people were again happy.

“When the Mengwe received the belt, they were greatly troubled. They knew that their plans had failed and that the Leni-lenápe were now their enemies. They sent messengers with peace belts to our people, but our people would not accept them. Our men would not let their ears listen to any plan for peace. They sent the messengers back with the belts. They told the messengers to tell their people that the war belt our young warriors had carried to them was the answer to their talk.

“The Leni-lenápe men were again warriors. They called a great feast and offered their prayers to Gitche Manito. They danced the great war dance. This was the first time that they had danced in many snows. The three tribes of our people met in a council and threw off the belts that the Mengwe had placed on their shoulders. They were no longer women. They were now ‘men of men.’ It was in this council that our people laid the plans for the war in which they punished the Mengwe for their treachery.”

The Storyteller had read the last record stick.

Now he reached over and picked them all up from the floor beside him. As he carefully tied them into a bundle he said, "I have read the records as they are marked on these sticks. You have learned more of the story of your people. Try not to forget the things that you have heard."

Then the old warrior threw some tobacco on the fire, and when its smoke rose through the smoke hole, he ended the story-telling for the day by saying, "It is getting late. Run home to your evening meals."

The boys listened respectfully until the old man finished speaking; then they went out of his wigwam. As they left, they thanked him, as usual, for the story of their people.

Little Bear and Star again walked together. They talked of the story they had just heard, and, like all the other boys, they were glad that their men had thrown off woman's clothing. Now their fathers were warriors, and they, themselves, could grow up to be proud of Leni-lenápe, the "real men."

Star went with Little Bear to his wigwam. There they found Little Bear's father sitting beside the fire and making a fish spear.

After the boys had warmed themselves, the

father said to Star, "Tomorrow Little Bear and I are going into the wilderness near the river to find a good sycamore tree out of which we can make a boat. Tell your father that we are going. Perhaps he also needs a new boat, and we can work together."

Star and Little Bear were delighted. They liked to go into the wilderness with their fathers.

Star hurried out of the wigwam and ran all the way home. He was eager to give his father the message, and, besides, the day was growing old. A strong cold wind was beginning to blow, and he was glad that he did not have far to go.

At home his father and mother and sister were waiting for him. The evening meal was ready. Star went to his mat beside the fire and watched the smoke from the tobacco offering drift toward the smoke hole. There the wind caught it in its icy fingers and whisked it into the air. Star heard the wind whistle outside as it passed through the trees near his wigwam.

As soon as he could, the boy told his father that Little Bear and his father were going into the wilderness the next day. He said, "Little Bear's father is going to build a new boat. He told me to ask you if you needed one. If you do, we can

all go into the wilderness together, and I can help you."

"I do need a new boat," Star's father replied. Then he pointed to the roof of the wigwam and added, "Listen, my son, the Manito of the North is talking. He is telling us that he is bringing a storm. Unless the Wind People go back to their wigwams, none of us can go to the wilderness tomorrow."

Star went to bed, and to his prayers he added the wish that North Wind would get tired and return to his cave.



A DAY IN THE FOREST

It was very dark when Star opened his eyes the next morning. "Perhaps the night clouds have not yet gone to their caves," he thought. As he rose from his warm bed of furs, he listened and heard North Wind blowing hard outside. Then he looked around the dimly lighted room and saw his mother and his sister at the fire, preparing the early meal.

Star was disappointed. He did not need to ask his father to know that they could not go to the wilderness on that day. Walking slowly to the door of the wigwam, he pushed aside the matting and looked out. Dark clouds were low and stormy. It was cold. Instead of growing tired, the Wind People were growing stronger and stronger.

"Hurry, brother," called Star's sister. "I am hungry. Our early meal is waiting."

Star dropped the mat that closed the door, walked over to his place, and sat down. He did not smile. He did not feel hungry.

The father saw that his boy was unhappy. He

put his hand on Star's shoulder and said, "Come, my son. We shall make a prayer to the Manito of the North as soon as we have eaten. Perhaps he will answer our prayer. If Father Sun should come out of his wigwam, we will go to the wilderness tomorrow."

That made Star feel better. He thanked his father and ate his corn meal and meat stew. After the meal the father made his offering to the Manito of the North.

All that morning North Wind was an angry spirit. He rode down upon the village and the forest in a great whirlwind. He picked up great trees, whose roots had woven a firm grip in Mother Earth, and crashed them to the ground. His fury frightened the man people in their little villages as well as the animal people in the wilderness. The man people put tobacco on their fires and sent prayers to the manitos of the Four Winds and the heavens.

Early in the afternoon the Manito of the North hushed the angry voice of North Wind, but gray clouds continued to roll across the heavens. Star and Little Bear joined each other outside Little Bear's home and watched the sky, hoping the heavy clouds would roll away. When it was

almost time for them to go to their evening meal, the boys saw the sun trying to scatter the clouds and smile a good night.

“Look,” said Star. “The sun is driving away the clouds. Perhaps it will be clear tomorrow.”

“Yes,” Little Bear replied. “I think that Father Sun is promising us a bright day for tomorrow. Let us take our bows and arrows when we go to the wilderness.”

Two happy boys watched the sun until it reached the western sky. As it dropped behind the mountain there, it painted the cold snow with a warm glow. Little Bear and Star parted, but first they planned to meet very early the next morning and welcome the sun when he came to bring them joy.

Both boys were up the next day before the night clouds had gone to their rest. They joined each other in the village square and watched the gray light of early morning steal over the low hills. The morning light was warning the night clouds that Father Sun was awakening. When the first rays from Father Sun turned the gray light a faint pink, the hearts of Star and Little Bear filled with happiness, for then they knew that Father Sun surely was on his way and that

they would go to the wilderness that day. Soon the boys saw smoke begin to curl out of the wigwams, and by that they knew that the women were up and preparing the morning meals. The boys ran to their homes to get ready for a day of fun in the forest.

Each boy ate his meal quickly, picked up his bow and arrows, and then waited patiently for his father.

While his son waited, each father, in his own wigwam, made a prayer to Gitche Manito and his twelve helpers. Then each rubbed his body with bear's oil. That would protect him from the cold when he took off his robe to work. After putting some dried meat and some maple sugar in bags to carry with them, the two fathers picked up their bows and arrows, their fire sticks, and their stone axes, and all started toward the river. The trees were large there, and, after making the dug-out boats, it would be easier to get them into the water.

The fathers and sons went out of the village and into the woodlands.

"Be very quiet," a father said. "Perhaps you can get some fresh meat to take home."

As soon as they entered the great hunting



A Porcupine

ground, the boys were told to climb a tree and see if there were any game near. That was really done to teach the boys to use their eyes. The boys did as they were bidden, and looked around close by as well as into the distance. They did not see anything. Perhaps they were in too much of a hurry to look carefully.

Almost at once, after they came down out of the tree, the boys found tracks showing where a rabbit had hopped about. They asked if they might follow the trail, and their fathers gave them permission.

The tracks led straight ahead toward an old log that was lying half buried in the snow. As the boys walked toward the log, they came upon some more tracks. These started from the end of a hollow log. The boys stopped and studied them.

"These are the tracks of a weasel," said Star. "They are going right toward the tracks of the rabbit. The weasel is following the rabbit."

The boys knew that the poor rabbit could not escape his enemy. A weasel never stops until he has caught his prey.

"Let us hurry," suggested Little Bear. "Maybe we will be in time to frighten the weasel."

The boys ran. The log was just ahead. When they reached the log, they stopped. They had gotten there too late. Just beyond the log were the tracks of the weasel, but there were no rabbit tracks. The spirit of the rabbit had gone to join his forefathers. His body was lying in the snow to tell the story. The weasel had caught him. He had not eaten the rabbit, for a weasel seldom eats his prey—he only sucks the blood. The boys felt sorry for the poor little rabbit. They picked him up and ran to join their fathers.

Soon the four Indians came to a great pine tree. The boys noticed that all around the bottom of the tree lay small pieces of bark on the snow. As they were looking at the telltale bark, a small piece, in falling, hit Little Bear on the top of his head.

“There is something in this tree,” said Little Bear, brushing his head.

The two boys looked up to see which one of the animal people made his home there. The boys thought that whatever it was, it must be brave. It certainly must have seen their fathers pass, but it had not run away to hide.

“There he is,” said Star. “Look! It is a large porcupine. He is not afraid of us. He is not

even afraid of the lynx. He knows he can protect himself with his long sharp quills. He is brave. The wilderness people seldom attack him unless they are very hungry."

"I remember my father's telling about him," replied Little Bear. "He said that a porcupine curls himself up for protection and that the other animal people are afraid of his sharp quills. The quills are barbed, and if an animal should get some of them caught in his mouth, he cannot get them out again. The quills work themselves into the flesh and may cause the animal to starve to death."

The boys did not bother the brave porcupine. They hurried on. A short way ahead they could see their fathers trying to find trees that would make boats of the size they wanted. They were hunting for two large sycamore trees whose lowest limbs were at least four bow lengths from the ground. The boys knew that their fathers would not need them until they had decided on the trees; so they continued to hunt for secrets of the woods.

All around were the small tracks made by little snow buntings in search of food.

"Those little birds must be hungry," said Little Bear.



Elk Drinking at the River

“It is very hard for them to find food when the woodlands are covered with snow,” explained Star. “Let us share our corn bread with them.”

Each boy broke off a little of the corn bread that he carried in his bag and scattered crumbs for the little birds to find.

Next the boys came across the trail of a large elk, that led away from the river into the wilderness. He must have gone down to the river for a drink. The boys could see where he had been digging in the snow with his hoofs to find food. They followed his tracks until they led over a small hill. The boys knew they should not go farther, but just over the top, on the north side of the hill, they saw where a deer had been lying down to rest. It could not rest on the south side of the hill. The sun melted the snow there, and wet snow makes a damp bed.

Here the boys met another tragedy of the wilderness—just a few feathers scattered about and the marks of wings scratched into the snow. Star had seen that once before when his father had taken him into the wilderness.

“The horned owl, in his silent search for food, spied a ruffled grouse and pounced upon him,” Star told Little Bear. “The grouse might have

been asleep. The owl travels in search of food only at night. He caught the grouse in his talons and, perhaps, carried it away to his nest where he could have a feast all by himself."

"By now our fathers should have found the trees that they want," said Little Bear. "It is time for us to go back and help them."

The boys hurried. It did not take them long to get back. They were not hunting now; so they did not have to be careful to walk silently for fear of frightening game.

When they reached the river, their fathers had started to put a ring of wet clay all around the bottom of each of two trees. After the wet clay was in place, the boys brought brush, and a ring of fire was built around the base of each tree. The wet clay prevented the fire from burning too far up the trunk. As the fire burned into the tree trunks, the fathers used their axes to cut out the charred wood. The trees were very large. It took a long time to burn them deeply enough to make them fall. The boys helped their fathers by keeping a plentiful supply of dried brush, bark, twigs, and pieces of wood ready for use.

After the fire was burning well, the boys prepared the rabbit. They cut it into good-sized

pieces. Then they found long pointed sticks of green wood and pushed the sharp ends of the sticks through the meat. The boys held the meat over the fire and turned it around and around so that it would not burn. As soon as it was cooked, they called their fathers to the feast.

The boys were having a good time. They had not noticed the sun traveling across the sky. They were surprised when they saw their fathers start to put out the fires. It could not be time to go home so soon! It seemed as though they had been there only a very short time. The boys looked at the sun. Father Sun always told the truth.' He knew it was nearly time to rest and had almost reached the western sky.

Star and Little Bear were sorry that the day was almost over, but they knew that it would take many days before the new boats were done. They ran to help put out the fires. Fires spread if they are not watched. There may be very little danger of forest fires in the winter, but Indian fathers never forgot to teach their boys that great lesson even in the snow months. When Mother Nature awakens, there is always danger. Just a tiny spark left behind when the woodlands need rain might cause great misfortune to man and animal.

When every spark of fire was out, the boys and their fathers started for the village. Star and Little Bear did not know that they were tired until they started for home. They had been up very early that morning and had traveled a great distance during the day, hunting for the secrets of the wilderness. Now, when the day was done, they began to wish that the trail to the village was not so long. They were hungry, too. There were many new tracks, but the boys did not follow them. They just followed along behind their fathers.

Little Bear and Star were happy when they entered the village. However, neither wanted to play. Each said good night and went to his own wigwam. The fathers as well as the boys were ready to eat their evening meals. They made their prayers to the Manito of the Air for another good day, and the boys snuggled down into their warm beds. Little Bear heard his father telling of their day in the wilderness. His father's voice seemed to drift farther and farther away; then it seemed to lose itself, and all was still.



MAKING NEW BOATS

“Wake up, my boy. The sun will soon come out of his wigwam. Your mother has the early meal all ready. It is time that we were starting for the wilderness.” Little Bear’s father was calling him.

Little Bear sat up and rubbed his eyes. He had slept so soundly that he had not heard his mother moving about. At first he did not know where he was. He had been dreaming, and he thought he was still in the wilderness. He jumped out of his bed and ran to the fire. The corn meal and the meat were waiting, and Little Bear sat down with his mother and his father to eat. He quickly finished his bowl of food and hurried to get his bow and arrows. Just as he reached for his bow, he heard Star call.

Little Bear’s father heard Star, too. He rose to his feet and gathered together his bow and arrows, his ax, the bag with the fire sticks, and some corn cakes and meat. Then he and his son went out of the wigwam and joined their friends. The four of them would have to go to the wilderness

many days before the new boats would be ready to put into the water.

There had been a light fall of snow during the night. The boys were glad that they had not seen the snow falling. If they had seen the snow clouds, they might have had bad dreams. The fresh snow had hidden all the old tracks. Only new tracks, those made during the night or in the early morning, could be seen.

The two boys ran ahead. They thought their fathers were very slow. Star and Little Bear could hardly wait to get into the wilderness. By the time the men came through the gate to the village, the boys were already up a tree. They were letting their eyes tell them if there was any game near. Then, too, they knew their fathers would bid them climb a tree if they had not already done so. As soon as they knew that their fathers had seen them, the boys came down. They were off for another day full of fun.

The snow was covered with a lacework of tiny tracks. Mice had been out looking for food. The boys thought that possibly the mice had met in council before anyone was up. Or perhaps they were running back and forth, visiting one another. The mice had their wigwams in holes

under the roots of trees or under rocks. There must have been a great many out, but now they had all gone back to their homes. None were to be seen anywhere. Perhaps at that very moment they were peeping out of their holes, wondering what those big man people wanted and just waiting for them to pass so that they, the mice, could go on with their play.

Farther on, under a big hickory tree, the boys noticed that something had been scratching and digging in the snow.

"See, the squirrels have been here. They have been digging. They must have thought they could find hickory nuts that fell late. Or perhaps they left some nuts behind when they were gathering their harvest last fall." Star was looking all around under the tree as he talked.

Little Bear asked him if he was trying to find some nuts. "You know there are no nuts here now," said Little Bear. "The squirrels have already eaten all there were for their early morning meal. See the shells lying around? Most likely they had enough stored away without these, anyway. The squirrels love to hunt as well as we do."

The boys hurried along to catch up with their

fathers. There was no time to play this morning. They gathered pieces of bark, bits of brush, and twigs as they walked behind the warriors.

By the time they reached the river, the boys had plenty of wood to start the fires. First they helped their fathers put a new band of wet clay around the trunks of the trees. When that was done, the men took out their fire sticks and put some dry punk on the fire boards. They worked the fire sticks until they had a spark. It did not take them very long. While they were starting the spark, the boys piled dry wood around the bottoms of the trees where the fires had burned the day before.

Then they hurried off to gather more wood. They brought in all they could find near at hand. That made quite a pile. After that the boys were free to walk along the shore of the river and look for tracks left by the wilderness people. The boys knew that they had gathered enough wood to keep the fires burning for some time. It would last until they came back if they did not stay too long, but they did not need to hurry. If they always had plenty of wood ready, their fathers would bring them each time that they came, and the boys wanted their fathers to need them.

Alder and hazelnut bushes were plentiful on the shore of the river. Noticing this, the boys decided to make piles of these bushes as they walked along. Then when they came back, they could gather the wood and carry it to the fires. As they broke the wood and stacked it, they watched for tracks and other signs of animal life. Star was the first to find an interesting trail.

"Look," he called to Little Bear. "Here are some tracks. They were made by a lynx. Shall we follow and see what it is that he is hunting? These tracks were made this morning. Be careful. He may not be far away."

The two boys cautiously followed the trail. It led them toward a bend where the river ran through a little valley between two hills. There, frozen into the edge of the ice, Star and Little Bear noticed pieces of wood and sticks that had been gnawed by some of the wilderness people.

"This is the work of beavers," said Star. "There must be a dam somewhere near here. I think the lynx must be hunting for the beaver dam."

"There is the dam," said Little Bear. "These tracks lead right to it."

The boys crept along very quietly and kept themselves hidden among the bushes. They did

not want the lynx to see or hear them. They hoped to surprise him at the dam, but they were too late. The lynx had been an early visitor. The ice and snow all along the shore were covered with his tracks, and there were several deep scratches. The lynx had tried to dig an opening large enough to get into the home of the beavers, but the ice was frozen so solidly that it protected those wise little animals. The boys knew how frightened the beavers must have been. They thought that the beaver people must be very grateful to the Manito of the North for his protection. The lynx was not able to break the strong, icy grip of the cold spirits on their wigwam.

Star and little Bear looked all around. They could not see the lynx anywhere. They wondered if he had heard them coming and had hidden.

"Perhaps the lynx has gone on to hunt for easier prey. He must have been very hungry to dig so deep into the ice," said Star. "I think we have been gone long enough. We had better go back and help our fathers."

"Yes," agreed Little Bear. "We could not protect ourselves from a lynx with our little bows and arrows. If he is very hungry, he might attack us."



The Lynx Trying to Dig an Opening

The two boys crept from their hiding place. As they walked back toward their fathers, they gathered the wood they had stacked. Just as they were stooping to pick up one pile they heard a terrible crash. Both boys straightened up. They were frightened. They turned quickly and looked behind them. They had been thinking of the lynx; that was what frightened them. In a moment they realized what had caused the great noise.

“Star,” said Little Bear, “we must have been gone a long time. That was one of the trees falling. We had better hurry.”

From then on the boys ran along, picking up the wood as they came to each pile. Before they reached their fathers, they heard another giant of the forest crash to the ground. By the time they came to the fallen trees, each had his arms piled high with brush and wood. The boys told their fathers what they had seen, and said that they had not noticed how fast the sun was traveling on his way to rest. The fathers told them that it was all right this time. They had brought plenty of wood before, and there was still some of it left. The new wood could be saved until they were ready to go on with their work.

The trees were beginning to cast their shadows toward the east. The fathers knew that the boys must be very hungry. They had not eaten since they had left their wigwams. That was when the morning was still gray. It was before there were any shadows at all.

“We shall eat before we start to work again,” said Little Bear’s father.

The men opened the bags they had brought, and took out corn cakes and dried meat. The food tasted good, but the boys wished that they also had some of the good broth that was always boiling over the fire at home. But Little Bear and Star sat where Father Sun could send his bright rays to shine on them. The warm rays and the food soon made them feel good.

When they were through eating, the boys stood up and asked their fathers what they should do next. The men looked at the trees that were lying on the ground.

“You boys can help us prepare these trees now,” said Little Bear’s father.

Each man gave his boy an ax. Every bit of the bark had to be cut from the trunks of the trees. The boys started to chip off the bark, and the fathers began to work on the ends of the trees.



Making a Dugout Boat

First they decided how long they would make their boats, and then they began to burn and cut off the parts that would not be needed.

The forest sent back echoes of the chopping and chipping. The wilderness people thus were warned that an enemy was near. Large animals hurried away from the noise that was breaking the silence of their homes. Star's father pointed to a moose that was silently disappearing into the woodland.

The trees were not far apart. The fathers talked, and the boys called to each other. The little woodland people who lived in near-by trees became curious to learn the meaning of the strange chattering. They would take one little peep, and then hurry back to their warm nests and snuggle down to hide. At first neither the bright eyes of the two boys nor the carefully trained eyes of the fathers could find the small woodland people. But after a while the little animals lost their fear. The noise bothered them, and they dared to come out and scold. They objected to having their rest disturbed. The boys and their fathers did not harm them. It was good to see the wilderness alive again.

The two boys worked steadily at cutting off

every bit of bark. When they had chipped it all from the long sides of their logs, the boys and men pushed together to roll the logs over, first one and then the other. In that way the boys could keep right on with their work.

The fathers were busy shaping the ends of the great tree trunks. First they started small fires at the ends of the logs. As the wood burned, they cut off the part that was charred; then they scraped the log. As soon as one end was shaped as they wanted it, they started on the other. They scraped and scraped until both ends of their boat were done.

Then the men were ready to hollow out the logs. They put wet clay along the side of each one to mark the part that was not to be burned. Then a fire was built along the top of each log. The wet clay would keep the fires from burning too close to the outside. As the fires burned out the insides of the boats, the fathers cut, chipped, and scraped. This was hard work, and it would take many days before the boats would be ready for the river.

When a resting time came, the fathers taught their sons to use the bow and arrow. Of course they had to shoot at a mark. The telltale echoes

of the chopping and scraping had long ago warned the woodland people, and they stayed far away from danger. The boys often climbed trees to train their eyes. They hoped to become great hunters, like their fathers. They listened carefully and tried to remember all that their fathers were teaching them.

The fathers listened as the boys told them of the things they saw as they were going through the woods. The warriors were pleased to know that their boys were using their eyes. That was the only way they would ever learn the ways of the wilderness people. Gitche Manito gave eyes and ears to man and animal people alike. The animal people seemed to know how to use their eyes and ears from the time they were born. The man people had to be taught to use theirs.



THE WICKED NAKED BEAR

The sun was coming farther and farther north every day. It was bringing its warm rays to loosen the icy fingers of the cold spirits. They had gripped the shores of the river for many moons. Not for a long time had the Red People heard the happy song of the water as it played with the banks that led it over the trail to the big salt water. Now it was no longer safe to walk on the river, for the ice was melting.

One day Little Bear and Star thought they saw a very thin strip of ice near the shore. They ran to find some long sticks. With the sticks they reached over and tapped the thin film of ice. It broke, and they watched the water slowly creep out of the hole. The water was free once again. Soon it would dance and play in the warm sunshine. That was a happy surprise for the boys. They ran to the village to tell the good news.

“It is good that we made new fishhooks! And new lines, too!” Little Bear called to Star as they ran side by side to the wigwams. “I am glad

that we made them while it was still too cold to go fishing. Now they are ready to use."

The two friends told everyone they met that the ice was breaking, and everybody became excited. All the young boys, especially, were glad to hear the news, for it meant that almost the whole village would soon move to the sugar camp. Making maple sugar was not work for the Red People. Everyone went to the sugar camp to have a good time.

Little Bear ran to his wigwam. His mother and father were sitting near the fire. They were talking. Little Bear, though excited over his good news, did not interrupt his parents. If he had interrupted them, he would have had to listen while his father told him that he must learn to respect his elders. His father would have reminded him that he should never break into a conversation. Little Bear knew that. The father noticed the sparkle in his son's dark eyes and saw that he had something to tell them. When the mother had finished speaking, the father turned to his boy.

"My son," he said, "what is it that you wish to tell us?"

"The ice is breaking!" Little Bear exclaimed.

“Star and I have seen the open water. In the sunshine the ice is soft and thin. Star and I would like to try to catch some fish.” Little Bear then turned to his mother and went on, “When you are making bread today, will you make some for me to take with us? Star and I would like to make our offering before we fish.”

Little Bear’s mother replied that she would prepare his offering for him at once. She took out her bowl and began to pound corn into flour. She ground until the cornmeal was as fine as she could make it. Then she mixed the corn bread that she wanted for the evening meal. A little of this dough she patted until it was very flat, and then carefully shaped it into the form of a fish. This she placed on one of the hot, flat stones in the fire, and left it to bake.

She made a number of the corn-bread fish. If the ice was breaking, her hunter would also need some for his prayer to the Water Manito before starting to fish. Little Bear watched his mother make the rest of the dough into corn-bread cakes for supper. Then he sat near the fire and watched the corn-bread fish so that they would not burn.

When the fish were baked, Little Bear’s mother handed him two. The boy thanked her. As

he very carefully put them away, he told her that he was happy to have one for his friend as well as one for himself.

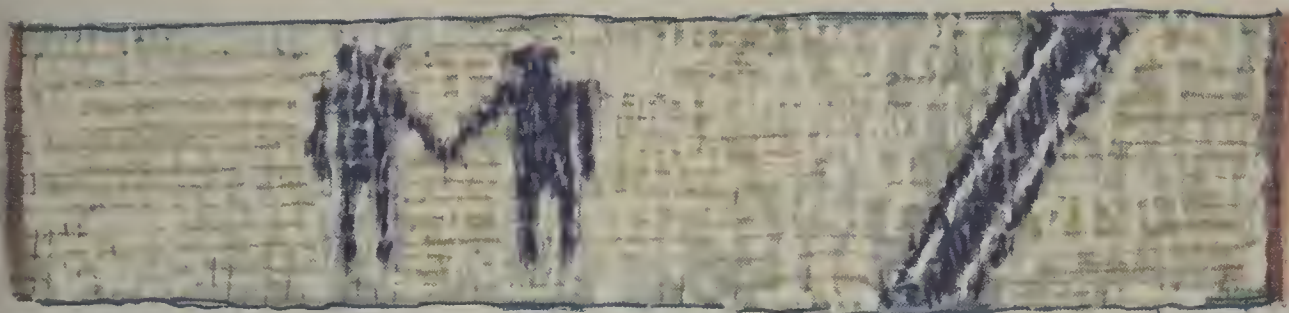
“Perhaps Star’s mother is not baking bread today,” he said. “Star will be grateful that you made one for him, too.”

Little Bear wanted to run over immediately and tell Star that he had their offering ready, but his father stopped him.

“No, my boy,” said the father. “It is too late. Your mother has our evening meal ready. It is time to eat.”

Little Bear was disappointed. He did not know how he would ever be able to wait until morning, but he knew there was no use asking again. His father and mother did not like to have him away when the meal was ready. Little Bear disobeyed his mother very, very seldom. When he did, she would say, “The naked bear will eat you.” That is what she told him when he came home late from play.

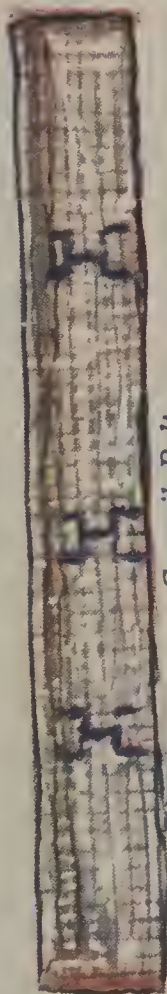
She said the same thing when he did things that she and his father did not approve of. Little Bear did not like to hear her say that. It made his skin feel cold and creepy. Of course, he knew it was only a story of the Long Ago.



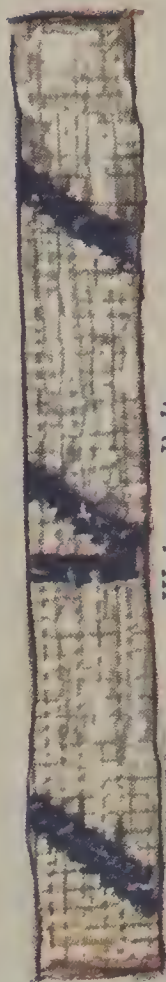
Penn Belt



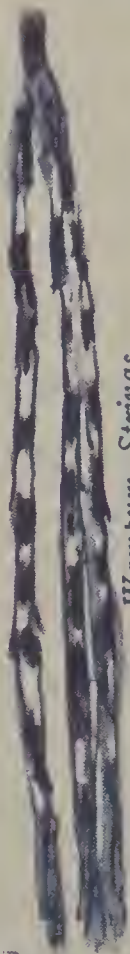
Missionary Belt



Council Belt



Welcome Belt



Wampum Strings



Council Belt

QEWID

Wampum Belts Made of Shells

When Little Bear saw that the evening meal was ready, he went to his mat and sat down. His mother gave him a wooden bowl full of food. She also gave him a piece of the cornmeal bread she had just made. It was still hot, and it tasted very good, because of the maple sugar she had put on it.

Little Bear was hungry. Everything was so good that he asked for a second helping. Of course his mother gave it to him. As long as there was plenty to eat in an Indian wigwam, everyone could have all he wanted. After the meal the father made his usual prayer of thanks to Gitche Manito, the Giver of All Things. Then the family sat on their mats before the fire to talk.

As he watched the ever-changing motion of the flames, Little Bear sat and thought. If he had run to tell his friend about the fish cakes, he would have disobeyed, and his mother would have said, "The naked bear will eat you." He felt strange when she said that; yet he liked to hear the story. He had been thinking of it all through the meal. He wondered if his mother would tell it to him now.

"My mother, will you tell me the story of the naked bear once more?" asked Little Bear.

“Sit still and listen,” the mother replied. Then she began the story.

“A very, very long time ago there were not many people in this world. At that time a great many monsters lived here. The monsters always made a great deal of trouble for the man people. They were so big and so strong that for a long time our forefathers did not know how to make war upon them.

“It was in those days that the great naked bear roamed in the forests and over the mountains. His skin was naked except for a tuft of white hair on his back. His sense of smell was very keen, but his eyesight was very poor—he had never trained his eyes. He not only ate the children, but he also caught and ate the hunters.

“But the bold, bad bear was afraid of the Water Manito. He did not have courage enough to go near water. That was why the hunters always stayed near streams or rivers when they went out for meat. They never dared to go into the wilderness, where the animal people loved to hide, because the naked bear might be there. When the great bear’s nose told him that a hunter was near, he followed the scent. Of course, the hunter’s eyes were trained. He could see the

bear long before that wicked animal could see him. Those hunters had trained their eyes just as your father is teaching you to train yours. As soon as a hunter saw the naked bear, he ran for water. Then he was glad he had learned to run when he was a boy. The naked bear would never follow him into the water.

“One day a band of the bravest hunters went into the wilderness. All the people were hungry. They needed meat, and the animal people were hidden in the forest. The hunters were very careful to walk so that the wind always blew toward them and not toward their enemy. Then the wind could not warn the monster that hunters were in the forest. The men climbed trees to look far off in the distance. That was the only way they could discover the home of the monster.

“From high up in a tree a hunter saw the bear. The bear was asleep near his cave at the bottom of a very high cliff. That was how the Indians discovered the home of the monster.

“The hunters hurried back to the village. They told their sachem what they had seen, and he called a council. He invited all the hunters and warriors to meet and talk. The boldest and bravest of the hunters were eager to declare war

upon the monster. They decided to rid the country of the naked bear that hunted their people.

“The first day that the wind blew toward them, the brave men started off on their task. Before they left the village, they said good-by to their families and friends. They knew that if they did not succeed, the naked bear would catch them and they would never return. The war party traveled very carefully. The monster’s ears as well as his nose were always ready to warn him.

“At last the hunters reached the top of the great cliff. They looked over the edge but did not see the monster. They thought that he must be in his cave. The hunter warriors made a great noise. They gave the war whoop. The naked bear heard it and came out of his cave to see what was happening. When he saw the man people above him, he tried to climb the rocky cliff, but it was too steep. In his rage he tore at the rocks with his great teeth and claws.

“The hunters shot at him with their bows and arrows. They sent many swift arrows toward his very small heart, but none of them reached its mark. The arrows only hurt the monster, making him more angry than ever. He became furious, and the hunters saw that arrows were

not strong enough to put an end to him. They knew that they must find a way to destroy him, or he would destroy them.

“The warriors hastily talked together and decided that the only thing they could do was to try to break their enemy’s back. The brave men dropped their bows and began throwing big stones at the bear. The rocks did not seem to bother him at all. The hunters became very much worried, for they were having no success and the monster was now tearing at the cliff right under them. There were some great boulders nearby on the top of the cliff. Using all their strength together, the men rolled the largest boulder to the edge of the cliff. There they held it until the bear was directly underneath; then they pushed it over the edge and watched it fall. It fell straight down, and with a great crash broke the monster’s back.

“The hunters let out a great cry of victory and descended the steep sides of the cliff. Near their prey they built a little fire, into which they threw some tobacco. That was their thanks to the Manito of the Rocks for his help. Then the warriors went back to tell their people what had happened.

“The brave men entered the village, singing the song of victory. They had overcome the great enemy of their people. Everybody heard the song. It made them happy, and young and old alike came out to welcome the brave warriors. The people made a great feast. At it the whole village gave thanks to Gitche Manito and to his twelve helpers. The people rejoiced because they would not have to go hungry any more. From then on, whenever they pleased, they could go into the forest where the animal people hid themselves.

“All that happened long, long ago, my son. Nobody has ever seen a naked bear since then. That is why we can go into the forest today without fear. Now it is time for you to sleep, my boy.”

Little Bear thanked his mother for the story. He was glad to hear her say that nobody had ever seen a naked bear since that time. He said good night; then lay down in his bed. Soon it was dark. The red coals in the fire had also gone to rest.

When next the little boy opened his eyes, the sun was peeping over the mountain toward the east. He jumped out of bed and sat down with

his father and mother to eat the early meal. He was in a hurry, for this was the day on which he and Star had planned to go fishing. As soon as his father and mother had finished eating, he asked if he might go to Star, and this time his parents gave their permission.

Carrying his fishhooks, his line, and the corn-bread fish his mother had made, Little Bear happily went out of the wigwam to meet Star. Besides his fishhooks and his line, Star took along his spear. The two boys started toward the river, hoping, as they went along, that they could bring home some fish. They did not hurry. The sun had been awake only a short time and had not yet loosened the ice that had formed during the night.

"Try to hit that stump with your spear," suggested Little Bear. "Let us practice throwing on our way."

Star poised his spear with his right hand. It was not a big spear such as the men used, but a little one that his father had made for him to practice with. Star threw it with all his strength. It went through the snow, hit the hard ground just beside the stump, and held there.

"I missed the mark. You try now. See if you



REWARDING

Star Practising with His Spear

can hit it." Star picked up the spear and handed it to his friend.

Little Bear took careful aim. He wanted to hit the stump, but he did not throw quite hard enough. The spear landed just this side of its goal. Little Bear knew that his had been the better aim, but he did not boast. Neither did Star, who had thrown the spear farther and had guessed the distance right. He knew that he had thrown the spear with the right force, and he wished that he had aimed a little more carefully.

Little Bear picked up the spear and handed it back to his friend. "We must try again," he said. "We have not practiced enough during the cold moons."

"One of the hunters will take us out to throw the spear soon," Star reminded his friend. "We must be ready when he does."

The boys walked on and soon were at the place where they had helped to make the new boats. There the beautiful dugouts waited, ready to be put into the water as soon as the sun loosened the icy fingers of the Manito of the North. The boys stopped to admire them. When the rays of the sun were warm enough to melt the ice, they would also be warm enough to awaken Mother

Earth. The Manito of the Earth would then send the sap up through the maple trees, and the boats would carry the boys and their families to the sugar camp.

At last the boys reached the river. The ice was surely melting. Here in the sunshine there were so many cracks that it would be dangerous to walk on the ice. The hole that the boys had found yesterday was larger today, for the sun and the water had been working on it. The boys threw their bread offerings into the hole. The water carried them away under the ice. That was how the boys made their prayer to the Water Manito.

As soon as the boys could find some bait, they would be ready to fish. There were no grasshoppers. Those insects were still hiding from the cold. They had not yet awakened from their winter sleep. Little Bear and Star tried to dig for worms, but the ground was frozen so hard that they could not break into it. Next the boys opened their bags. Each took a small piece of dried meat and put it on his hook.

After the bait was securely in place, the two friends stood on the shore and tossed their lines toward the hole in the ice. Both hooks fell into

the water on the first throw. The boys were excited. They hoped that the fish were hungry.

The sun rose higher and higher. The warm air whispered that the Sugar Moon was coming soon. That was a wonderful time. It was a moon full of fun and happiness. While the boys sat on the river bank in the sunshine, they talked of all the things they were going to do at the sugar camp.

The two boys waited patiently. Their feet were getting cold. The snow was damp, and the ground under it was icy cold. They stamped their feet and exercised their arms. Once they ran a short way up the river to get warm. There, in a shaded spot that the rays of the sun could not reach, the ice was still thick and firm. When the boys wanted to fish in the winter and the ice was solid like this, they chopped a hole through the ice, dropped their baited hooks into the hole, and then squatted at its edge, waiting for a bite.

Now the sun had passed over the heads of Star and his friend. It was on its way to the western sky, but the boys would not be discouraged. They still hoped to catch at least one fish.

Finally Little Bear said to Star in an excited but hushed voice, "Look! Something is trying



The First Fish of the Season

to get my bait. Do you suppose I can hold on?"

"Be very careful," warned Star. "You must not let it get off your hook."

Little Bear pulled in his line very slowly. There, on the end of it, wriggled a fine fish. At last Little Bear had the fish out of the water and on the shore, safely landed.

Star was so interested in Little Bear's catch that he forgot about his own line until his attention was called back to it.

"Now you have a bite, Star," said Little Bear.

Star firmly tightened the line that he had almost forgotten and pulled very slowly. He wanted to pull hard, but he was afraid the fish would get away. Soon Star had his fish out of the hole and onto the ice. There it flopped around, but it was safe. As soon as he could, Star pulled his catch to the shore.

Both boys were proud. But they did not run right home as they would have liked to do. That would have been exactly what a little boy would do. Little Bear and Star did not think that they were little boys any more. They were hunters. They had caught the first fish of the season!

The boys stayed at the river until the shadows told them that it was getting late. Then each

boy picked up his fish. Star had caught two; Little Bear, one. They each broke a twig from a bush, on which to carry their fish. Each twig had a fork at one end so that the fish could not slide off.

Carrying the sticks over their shoulders, Star and Little Bear started for the village. Of course, they had to stop and show their catch to all the boys they met. It would have been fun to put the fish on the end of sharp sticks and broil them over a fire. The boys thought of that, but instead they took the fish to their homes.

When they entered the wigwams, their mothers were preparing the evening meal. Their fathers were sitting near the fire. Each boy handed a fish to his father. The father slowly stood up. He held the fish in his hand for a long moment. Then he threw it into the flames. The first fish of each season was always offered to the Manito of the Water. Little Bear watched the smoke from his burning fish rise and go out of the smoke hole. The time for fun always seemed near when that offering was made.



TRAINING BOYS FOR MANHOOD

The days were passing very slowly. At least that is what the boys and girls of the Indian village thought. They could hardly wait until it was time for the Sugar Moon to come. The girls seemed even more eager than the boys. The boys had fun all through the cold moons. Most of that time the girls worked inside, but they loved to play out-of-doors, too. At the sugar camp all the work was play, and they were outside all the time. There the girls did all the things that the boys did except shooting with the bows and arrows and throwing the spear. They did not like to do that.

It was so nearly time for the Sugar Moon now that there was no longer enough sugar for everyone to eat all he wanted. Each Indian family had to use it sparingly. The mothers gave each member of their families only a little sugar each day, hoping to make their supplies last until the new sugar was made.

To help pass the time, Little Bear and Star wandered down to the village camp for boys.

This camp was for boys who had no parents or whose parents were very poor. Such boys were adopted into other families. The boys lived in a large community house, which was built for them near the river. This long house was covered with skin instead of bark. Inside it was dark. There were no openings except a low doorway on one side and a smoke hole in the top. Each of these boys had his hair shaved on the sides of his head.

The boys lived under the direction of a captain selected by the older men of the village. A hunter of the tribe was appointed to do all the hunting for this camp. Another man dressed the game. It was the duty of two women to prepare the cornmeal. But, they did not cook it for the boys. They gave it to the captain, and he gave each boy his share.

Little Bear and Star liked to watch while the boys were being trained. As they reached the bank of the river, they saw two small boys run out of the long house. The little fellows had no clothes on. They ran to the river and, without hesitating, jumped into the cold water. It was still cold, the kind of cold when the Manito of the Air sends rain instead of snow. Little Bear

and Star shivered when they saw the boys plunge through the thin ice and into the water.

The little boys did not stay in long. They jumped up and down a couple of times and then climbed out and ran as fast as they could to the house and the fire. Their captain was waiting for them. He rubbed first one and then the other until both were warm again. Then two more boys ran and jumped into the cold water. The two boys who had gone first helped to rub the next pair. This went on until all the boys had had a cold dip.

Next the boys stood in a long line. The captain handed each boy a long stick with one pointed end. Then he gave each a piece of meat. The boys broiled the meat over the hot fire. After they had eaten the meat, the boys again formed a long line. The captain mixed some cornmeal into dough. He rolled it into balls, which he tossed to the boys.

The boys had to watch very closely. Each one had to catch his ball of cornmeal dough on the end of his sharp stick. This was done to train the boys' eyes. It was also done to make their hands work quickly. If a boy did not catch his ball of dough on the stick, he could not have it.

That was his punishment. When all the balls of dough had been distributed, the boys sat down to roast their bread and eat the food that was waiting for them.

After the meal was over, the boys were given a piece of dough to toss to each other. They were all glad of the opportunity to practise catching it on the end of their sticks. It did not take any of them long to learn how. No one liked to eat his food without the good corn bread.

These boys, too, learned all the things they should know when they would become warriors and hunters. They were taught to use the bow and arrow. They also learned to throw a spear. Their captain instructed them in the ways of the wood folk. They learned how to hide on the ground under leaves or behind a log so that no enemy could find them. To practise, they would hide from one another.

Sometimes the captain took the boys into the wilderness to teach them to hunt. Then he would point to a log, a tree stump, or even a red leaf and say to one of the boys, "There is your game." That boy would take careful aim with his bow and arrow. If he hit the mark, he would be rewarded with a piece of corn bread.



Practising with Bow and Arrow

The captain often told the boys to draw in a deep breath. "Hold it!" he would command. Then he would tell the boys to run as far as they could without taking another breath. The boys had to run fast. As soon as a boy lost his breath, he had to stop. That was fun, and it was done to make the boys long-winded. Little Bear and Star liked that game and joined in whenever the captain invited them.

Today the boys played the game of surprise-a-hunter, and Star and Little Bear played with them. The captain selected a boy. He pointed out to him a real hunter, looking for game in the forest.

"Surprise that hunter," the captain directed the boy.

The boy ran and hid himself. Then he crept ahead very carefully. If he made even a little noise, the hunter would hear him, for a hunter's ears are always listening and his eyes are always watching. This was a very dangerous game because the hunter might think an animal was following him and send an arrow in the direction of the noise. Hunters travel very slowly when they are searching for meat. This is what gave the boy a chance to catch up with him.

Quietly the little boy moved along among the trees until he was very close to the hunter. Then he spoke out before the hunter could shoot.

“Here I am,” the boy said very softly. “I have surprised you. Do you think I should have a reward?”

“My son, you have done well to surprise me,” replied the hunter. “Here is a reward for you.”

The man reached into his bag and handed the boy a piece of dried meat. Sometimes the hunters gave the boys who surprised them some of the cornmeal that they carried with them.

When the boys at the camp grew to be fourteen or fifteen years of age, they were taken on real hunts. At these times the captain watched each boy and afterward chose the best hunter to help train the smaller boys. Of course, each boy hoped he could be a helper.

Later on, when the boys were old enough, they would go off to make the great fast. It was then that each boy would have the great dream. In this dream he would meet his helper, from whom he would take his name for life. The Indians believed that the Great Spirit sent this dream. The helper that came in this sleep would be that Indian's totem through life. He would

cut this totem out of stone, bone, or wood and carry it with him always. It would be his good-luck token. If he were in trouble, he would call upon this totem to help him.

A great fast, whether by one of these camp boys or a boy who lived at home, was always followed by a feast. At it a feather was placed in the boy's scalp lock, and he was taught the war whoop of his people. From that time on the boy would be a warrior and could use the war cry, "Husca-N'Lenápe-Win," which means, "Truly I am a Leni-lenápe!"

Star and Little Bear played until the shadows grew long. Then they started for home. On the way they talked about the boys at the camp. Star and Little Bear did not think they would like to have someone plan everything for them. They liked to watch the boys and join in the games—that was fun—but they were glad that they could return to their own wigwams to sleep. They also preferred the food their mothers fixed for them. Little Bear and Star were sorry for these boys who had no fathers or mothers to welcome them to their homes.

On another day when Star and Little Bear were on their way to the boys' camp, they heard

the crushing and grinding of ice. The ice on the river had really started to break at last and was hurrying on its way to the great salt water. Soon the first great ice floe would be gone. Then the Indians would start for the sugar camp.

Little Bear and Star quickly ran back to the village to spread the glad news. Soon other boys gathered on the banks of the river with their fathers. They liked to hear the noise. It meant that the cold moons had passed. The water was freeing itself of the ice that had held it prisoner for such a long time.

The boys and the men listened to the angry voice of the ice. It was scolding and grumbling. It was trying to fight against an enemy that was constantly pushing and carrying it to the great salt water. The boys never tired of watching. The great chunks of ice rose, fell, and piled up, but were always driven on. They could not stop for a moment.

At night the men and the boys went home to eat and sleep, but early in the morning of each day, most of the young people ran back to the river. The men came down often to see how much ice was still being carried on the water. It seemed as if the ice would never be gone.

Then, one morning, they saw that only small cakes of ice were passing. The ice had given up the fight. The sun and the water had conquered it.

A few mornings later Little Bear was awakened by the sounds of his mother and father moving about. It was very early. The sun was not yet awake. He lay in his bed a moment and watched his parents. They seemed very busy. He saw his father take down his paddles.

"Can it be that they are packing?" thought Little Bear, and quickly jumped out of bed.

"Are we packing?" he asked his mother, who nodded without stopping her work.

"Then I shall help," said Little Bear.

In each wigwam it was the same. The women packed and carried to the shore all the things they would need at the maple sugar camp. They had to make several trips. Little Bear, Star, and the other boys helped all they could. They were in a hurry to start.

At the river the fathers pushed their dugouts, the boats they had made, into the water, where they loaded them. When everything was packed, the women and children got into the boats. Then the men got in. With their long poles the men

pushed the boats away from the river shore.

The trip to the sugar camp had begun. The men slowly pushed the boats up the river with the long poles. They always stayed near the banks of the river, where the water was usually shallow. But sometimes the water was deep even there, and then the poles would not reach the bottom. At those times the men put the poles aside and used the paddles they had brought along.

The Indians traveled all day. When they were hungry, they ate dried meat and corn bread. The women had packed enough in their bags to last until camp was made.

Just before the sun went to rest, the Indians reached the maple grove. Last year's houses were still standing in the camp. The wind had torn off parts of their coverings, and the animal people had made their homes in some of them, but that did not matter.

The boys helped their fathers patch the wigwams and frighten away the wood folk, while the girls hurried to gather wood. The women unpacked the dugouts. It was not long before fires were burning and food jars were beginning to sing.

The voice of the food jar, singing its song of the food that was boiling, made the children feel happy. The little Red People liked that song. They were hungry. The air was still cold. There was frost at night, and the warm fires felt good. The children stayed close to them until the evening meal was ready. Then the sachem made a prayer to Gitche Manito and to the four Manitos of the Winds. Everyone prayed for good weather while the maple sugar was being made.

The woodland was awake. It echoed the joyous shouts of the children as they followed their fathers from tree to tree. The men tapped both hard and soft maples. The soft maple trees gave more sap, but it was not so sweet as that from the hard maple.

The boys watched closely while their fathers tapped the trees. They knew that they would have to do this some day, and this was the time to learn how. First the father made a cut into the tree. Then he put into the cut a wedge that he had ready for that purpose. The wedge closed the cut until the Indians were ready to catch the sap. Not a drop could be wasted.

After a number of trees had been tapped, the boys helped their fathers put buckets under the

cuts they had made in the trees. As each bucket was placed, the father pulled the wedge from the cut and forced into it a bark funnel. Then the sap began to drip.

It took a long time for a bucket to fill. As soon as one was full, another was put in its place. The children cheerfully carried the full buckets to their mothers—and each time they came in with a bucket, tasted the delicious syrup. Each family had its own boiling pots, and the children tried to keep them full. The women stirred the boiling syrup with great spoons made of tortoise shell or of wood. It took many, many buckets of sap to make sugar, and the children were always happily tired when the sun said good night.

While the women were making the sugar, the men went hunting or fishing. The boys practised with their bows and arrows or spears while they waited for the buckets to fill. The girls gathered wood. When it was time to put the wedges back into the trees and stop the flow of sap for the night, there were always great piles of wood, waiting to be carried to camp. The boys helped the girls carry it back. In that way everything was ready in the morning, and the women could go right on with their sap-boiling.



Gathering Sap for Maple Sugar

Little Bear and Star and all the other Indian boys watched constantly for signs of the animal people. One day while they were waiting for their buckets to fill, they walked to the river. They thought it must be almost time for the shad to leave the salt water. Shad always go up fresh water streams to spawn.

“Do you know what this means?” asked Star pointing to a pile of fish bones on the bank of the river. They were picked so clean that not even a scrap of flesh remained on them.

“Yes,” replied Little Bear. “A mink must live near here.”

The mink is a very savage inhabitant of the wilderness. If he finds a muskrat in a nicely built home, the mink will crawl into it and destroy the muskrat and his whole family. Then the mink will start housekeeping and make the muskrat's house his home. If the boys had arrived sooner, they might have seen the mink eating his early morning meal.

The boys could not stay away long enough to hunt the mink. They had to go back and take care of their buckets. Besides, they were watching for their fathers to return from a hunt. The deer in the forest were still wearing their warm

coats of gray, and the bucks had little knobs on their heads instead of horns. The hunters kept the camp supplied with plenty of fresh meat.

The Sugar Moon passed quickly. Soon it had come and gone. It had brought the good times that the children had looked forward to. Now it was going to sleep until another year came to awaken it. But the happy memories would not sleep with the Sugar Moon.

The Indians had harvested a good crop of sap and now had a fine supply of new maple sugar. The buds on the trees were beginning to swell, and Mother Nature had awakened. The men pushed wedges firmly into all the cuts they had made in the trees. Sap gives trees their life. If a tree should lose too much sap, it would die.

The Indians tapped many trees but were always careful never to let any one lose too much sap. The women started to pack the boats. The children were sorry to leave the sugar camp. This had been a moon of good times, and besides, they could eat all the sugar they wanted while they were at the camp.

When the boats were packed and everyone had gotten into them, the men started to pole the dugouts down the river. The Spring Moon

had come and was awakening Mother Earth. She touched the bushes and the tiny buds, and they became alive. The bushes along the banks were beginning to look red, and the buds were swelling on the willow trees. As the Indians traveled along, they often saw muskrats on the shore. Squirrels and chipmunks were playing in the sunshine.

The river helped the men take their boats back to the village. Father Sun did not go to his wigwam so early any more. He was still watching when the men pushed the boats onto the shore. The children forgot to be sad as they scrambled out of the boats. They picked up loads and helped carry them to the village. Then they ate their evening meal. The fathers made their prayers of thanks to the great Gitche Manito, and soon the village was quiet. The tired people were at rest in their own homes again.



THE FISHING CAMP

For many days the grown people of the village, as well as the children, talked of nothing but the sugar camp. Some of the old people and the boys at the camp near the river had stayed at home. They wanted to hear about everything that had happened in the forest. Those who had gone to the maple grove had made sugar enough for the people who had stayed and taken care of the village.

The Spring Moon was fast growing old and before long would follow the Sugar Moon to its rest. Then the Planting Moon would awaken and rise in the east. The only snow still to be found was in tiny piles that clung to the north side of rocks. That snow was hiding where the sun could not find and destroy it. Baby leaves were bursting the little blankets that had kept them warm for so long. Mother Earth was wide-awake.

Every day the women went out to look at the white oak trees and the hazel bushes. They did not want to be late with their planting. When

the leaf of the white oak tree was as large as the ear of a tiny field mouse, it was time for the women to go to the fields. The first blossoms of the hazel bush also told them that planting time had come. And when the whippoorwill came back from the south, they knew that it surely was time to put in the corn.

It was not many days before the whippoorwill was calling, "We-Ko-Lis!" Little Bear and Star heard him. He began slowly, and then he called faster and faster. He seemed to be excited. Perhaps he was worried because planting had not yet been started. All the Indians knew that We-Ko-Lis was saying, "Plant your corn! Plant your corn! Plant your corn!"

The women went out at once to prepare their fields. They set fire to the grass and brush. This was done to destroy any small vermin that might have made those fields their homes. The women also burned off the big meadowland so that there would be plenty of grass for the deer to feed upon. We-Ko-Lis called more and more impatiently every day until at last the ground was ready for planting.

Little Bear and Star watched their fathers make prayers to Kick-er-on, the hero god who

gave corn, beans, and squash to these Red People. Kick-er-on was the hidden spirit of the universe. These Indians believed him to be the light, the action, and the energy that governed everything. He was represented by the tortoise totem.

Early the next morning the women and children went to the fields. They took with them their digging sticks and hoes. The hoes were made from tortoise shell or from the shoulder blade of a deer. The boys as well as the girls helped with the planting. The more quickly the work in the fields was done, the sooner the people could go to the fishing camp. That trip was as much fun as the trip to the sugar camp. Little Bear kept his mother's hoe sharp. When he thought it was not cutting the hard ground evenly, he rubbed it on a rough stone. He also kept his own hoe sharp.

The men went off to hunt while the women and children planted the fields. Little Bear had watched his mother prepare the corn for her hunter to take with him. It was the blue, sweetish kind of corn. First she parched it in clean hot ashes until it burst.

Then she brushed off all the ashes that clung

to it. When it was clean, she put it into her mortar and pounded and ground until the corn was a fine flour. When it was as fine as she could make it, she mixed it with maple sugar.

This mixture, which she packed into a bag, was not heavy for her hunter to carry. Nor would he have to stop long when he wanted to eat. If he were hungry, he would put just a little of the mixture into his mouth and take a drink of water. He did not need very much, and it took no time to prepare it. A small amount would swell in his stomach and stop his hunger.

The men did most of their hunting in the early morning or just before the sun went to rest. When the sun was overhead, the men rested. Then they heated water and boiled their corn flour. They liked to have one hot meal each day.

This was not a very long hunt. The people needed only enough meat to last during the trip down the river to the fishing camp near the great salt water. It would not take very long to get to this camp, and there the Indians would live on fish. The hunters knew just how long it would take to plant the fields, and they planned to be back from their hunt by the time that work was done. Then the people would go to the fishing



Preparing the Fields for Planting

camp for a short stay, only until the moon when the hoe is used in the corn. When that moon came, the women had to be back in the village to watch their crops.

As soon as the fields were planted, the things for the fishing camp were gathered together. There were fish nets, fish spears, hooks, and lines to be packed, and, of course, the boys as well as their fathers had to take their bows and arrows. It took a whole day to get everything tied into bundles. That night everyone went to bed when the sun closed his great eye. They wanted to have a good rest so that they could start early the next day. The boys hoped they would be floating down the river before the sun awoke.

Little Bear stepped outside the doorway to look at the sky before he went to bed. He hoped it would promise a good day for the trip. But what he saw was disappointing. A strong wind was blowing a great black cloud toward the village. Little Bear hoped the spirit of the storm would go back to its wigwam before early morning.

The boy turned, and through the doorway saw that his father was making a prayer to the Manito

of the Air. Little Bear looked once more at the sky, hoping that he had been mistaken about that dark cloud. But it was still coming, and it looked heavier and darker than before. The cloud had an angry look.

Little Bear slowly went to his bed. He thought he had been asleep only a few moments when he was awakened by a great crash! He jumped up. He could not imagine what it was that had happened. He saw his father standing near the fire. He was putting tobacco on the coals as a prayer.

The prayer was to the Spirit of Thunder, who lived in a mountain cave. The Indians believed that this spirit rushed out of his cave and roared with his mighty voice to make himself heard. He made a great noise, but he became tired very soon. He never stayed long.

Little Bear, like all the other children, was not afraid of the Thunder Spirit. He was always happy when this spirit awakened and rushed out of his cave for the first time. That was another sign that the Manito of the North had gone back to his home. The great voice told the people that the warm moons had come, and the warm moons were a happy time.

Little Bear and Star were up early the next morning. The Thunder Spirit had gone back to his cave. The dark clouds had passed. Everyone was eager to start the trip down the river. It did not take long to pack the dugouts. Before Father Sun had climbed out of his wigwam in the east, the happy, carefree people were on their way.

Little Bear and Star each took a place in the front of his father's boat. Each was ready with his spear in case a brave fish dared to come close. Neither really expected to get anything. There was too much noise.

It took most of the day to get to the fishing camp. While the men and women were getting the camp ready, the boys stayed on the river bank. As soon as everything was quiet, the boys lay down on their stomachs and watched the water. They had picked out a place where there were rocks. The boys leaned over the rocks and watched quietly until they saw a fish playing or feeding near them. Then one of the boys carefully and slowly put his hand into the water. He moved his fingers very gently.

The fish seemed to like it, and the boy was in no hurry. He let the fish get used to the soft movement of the water. As soon as the fish was



On the Way to the Fishing Camp

very quiet, the boy made a quick grab and lifted it from the water. Indian children called this "fingering fish." By the time the camp was ready, the boys had enough fish for the evening meal.

The women needed fires over which to cook the evening meal, and the men set about making them. They had to start new fires, for they had brought no sleeping coals with them. The boys liked to watch their fathers do this. Besides, the boys themselves had to know how if they ever wanted to be hunters.

Little Bear helped his father gather the soft inner bark of the cedar. Then the father took his fire sticks and rubbed them together until a spark caught into the cedar bed. He breathed on it very gently. As the spark grew brighter, he blew a little harder.

Little Bear's mother did not have to wait very long. A fire was soon burning under her food jars. Little Bear gathered some green sticks, and his mother fastened the fish between them. Then she put them over the fire to broil.

As soon as the evening meal was over, all the children went to sleep. They had put in a long and exciting day, and they were tired.

Busy times followed. As soon as the sun got up, the men went to the river. On the first day they tossed their offerings of corn-bread fish into the water. This was a prayer for the success of the fishing trip.

Weirs, or yards, were made by driving sticks into the mud very close together and filling the spaces tightly with brush. When the tide came in, the weirs were completely under water. When the tide went out, the fish that had come in with it were unable to get out of the weirs, and the Indians had only to pick them up. Men, women, and children joined in gathering fish, oysters, clams, and mussels.

Some of the older boys fished with hooks and lines, and some used their fish spears. A net made from the fiber of the nettle, with stone sinkers to hold one side down, was also used. At night the men went out to fish with birch bark torches and fish spears. The men fished as much as they could in the short time they were at the camp. The people ate all the fish they wanted, and the women dried the extra clams, mussels, fish, and oysters.

Most of the shells were carefully saved to be taken back to the village, where they would be

turned into beautiful ornaments and wampum. Blue wampum was made from the inside of hard-shelled clam, periwinkle, conch, and mussel shells. White wampum, of course, was made from the white part of the shells. There were fewer shells from which to make dark wampum; so it was valued more highly than the white.

The shells that the women did not care to save, they carried into camp and, in the evenings, ground them into a fine powder. They mixed this powdered shell with their pottery clay, and it made very strong jars.

The time at the fishing camp passed too quickly to please the children. Before they knew it, their mothers were packing for the return trip. This time there were long strings of dried clams, oysters, and mussels to pack into the dugouts. There were also large bags filled with shells, and jars of oil that had been caught as it dripped from broiling fish.

The Indians would have had much more if the animal people had not been so troublesome. When everyone was away, the animal people came into camp and stole everything that was not securely hidden in jars.

Just before leaving camp, Little Bear watched

his father make a sign. First he cut a large piece of bark from a tree. Then he carefully carved a turtle on the bare trunk. This meant that the Turtle People had been there. Then he made another mark to show the direction in which they intended to go. From this, a passing Indian would know which tribe had been camping there. He would also know that the band had returned to their village.

The sun came out of his wigwam very early in the morning now, but even so he was not up early enough to see the Red People start on their journey home. They started before the night clouds had returned to their cave. It was hard, slow work for the men to pole the heavily loaded boats up the river. The boys did not attempt to fish this time. If anyone in the dugout were to move quickly, he might upset the boat. Then everything in it would be lost. The Indians did not reach home until after the sun had gone to rest. The trip to the Great Salt Water was over.

When Little Bear's mother reached her wigwam, she took down the large piece of bark that was leaning against her door and immediately started to build a fire. She had been very careful to carry some fire sleeping in a piece of hickory

punk. It did not take long to awaken the sleeping spark and start the fire.

In a very short time Little Bear, his father, and his mother were eating their cornmeal and maple sugar. Then the father thanked the Manitos of the Air and the Water for the safe journey home, and the happy but weary people gladly went to their beds.



A LESSON IN HUNTING

Early one morning Little Bear heard his father and mother moving about and talking very softly. It was before Father Sun had come out of his wigwam in the east. Little Bear was only half-awake, just halfway between dreamland and here. Through sleepy eyes he saw his father and mother walk toward the door. A quiver hung from his father's shoulder. The feathered ends of arrows stuck out of the quiver. A bow was in the bow case.

Little Bear was wide-awake in a moment. Was his father going out to hunt? The boy jumped from his bed in a hurry, hoping his father would ask him to go along. Little Bear ran to where his father and mother stood outside the doorway. He waited eagerly, but the father went on his way alone. Disappointed, Little Bear followed his mother back into the wigwam. The fire had not yet been lighted. It was dark and cheerless inside; so Little Bear went outside again and sat on his heels beside the doorway.

Through the clear gray twilight of this early

morning, Little Bear could see his father, far off in the distance. He was just starting up a narrow trail that wound in and out among big boulders, but always led upward. The father was not hunting. He walked slowly, his head bowed as if in prayer. He climbed higher and higher until at last Little Bear saw him step out on a ledge of rock. There he stood still for a moment. Then he took off his quiver and laid it on the rock beside him.

Little Bear stood up and took a few steps to one side so that he could see better. He saw his father stand motionless, his arms stretched upward toward the heavens. He was making a prayer to Gitche Manito. He was thanking the Great Spirit for his kindness, and for all he had done for the Indian people. He was asking the Great Spirit to give him courage and strength, and to help him lead his people wisely. Little Bear's father had been called to sit at the council fire. The council had been called to make plans for the summer hunt, and the warrior was asking Gitche Manito to guide him at that meeting.

When his father returned, Little Bear went into the wigwam with him. Now the fire was burning brightly, and the room was filled with



The Prayer to Gitche Manito

the good smell of bubbling cornmeal and simmering meat stew. The little family sat down to eat their morning meal.

"The deer are losing their gray winter coats," the father said to Little Bear as they ate. "They are putting on their summer coats of red."

"The skin of the red deer," Little Bear went on, proud that he remembered the lesson, "makes beautiful new clothing and summer moccasins. This is the moon when little fawns come to their mothers."

"You have remembered well, my son," praised the father. "Today Star and his father and you and I shall go into the wilderness and have a lesson in hunting. I hope you will also remember well all that you learn today."

A happy smile spread over Little Bear's face, and his eyes fairly danced. There was nothing that he liked better than a lesson in hunting.

Little Bear and his father quickly finished the early meal and joined Star and his father in the village square. The four friends walked through the opening in the palisade, a line of tree trunks set close together and extending all the way around the village for protection, and soon they were in the wilderness.

“Run ahead and select what you think would make a good camping spot if you were off on a big hunt,” Star’s father said to the boys.

The boys parted, and each went on alone, looking for a good place. At last Star gave the call of the owl. That was the signal the boys used when they called one another. Little Bear joined Star and agreed that the spot his friend had found was good. The boys called their fathers to see the place they had decided upon for their camp.

“Now,” said Little Bear’s father when the four were together once more, “do you see where the sun is? We heard you give the owl’s call. If you were on the warpath and did that, you would accomplish just the opposite of what you intended. You would warn the enemy that you were trying to outwit. The owl is heard only in the evening, during the night, or early in the morning. You must never forget that. It is very important that you should remember the ways of the wilderness people.

“This is a nice place to camp,” Little Bear’s father went on. “You are hidden by the trees, and you have selected a dry, open place, but you forgot to look overhead. Look at the branches

that hang over your camping spot. Do you see that dry limb? A strong wind might break it from its trunk. If that happened, it would fall into this open space, and, if you were asleep, it might hurt you badly if it did not kill you."

"There is plenty of water here," Star's father added, "but not much good firewood. Go and get some wood and start a fire. We can roast one of these birds while we rest."

Star's father selected a turkey from several that he and Little Bear's father had bagged while they were following the boys. Star and Little Bear ran off willingly, picked up the first wood they came to, and hurried back.

The two men looked at the wood. It was young, green oak, walnut, cherry, and chestnut. The fathers shook their heads in disapproval.

"This wood will never do," said Star's father. "It would throw sparks a great distance. If it were a dry season, it might set the grass on fire. Dry grass catches fire very easily and fire spreads very rapidly. It might grow into a forest fire. The wilderness and all her people suffer when a great fire comes, and the man people suffer too if the trees catch the fire. Be careful when you select your firewood."



Wild Turkeys

The boys hurried off to gather better wood. This time they were more careful and picked up only old, dry wood. Little Bear was careless, and a sliver of wood ran into his finger. It hurt him, but he bravely said nothing about it.

When the boys returned with their arms full of firewood, Little Bear's father said, "Now select a place for the fire, and start it." The men sat down to watch.

The boys brought to their camping spot some of the inner bark of the cedar. Then they rubbed the fire sticks together until a spark fell into the dry bark. They blew the spark very gently until it was alive. Then they noticed which way the wind was blowing and were careful to build their fire so that the smoke would not blow toward the camp. Soon the turkey was roasting over red coals.

The boys had remembered everything they had been told, and their fathers were pleased. They said to their sons, "You will make good hunters if you continue to remember all the things you are taught."

The smell of the roasting bird made the boys hungry. When the fire needed a little more wood, they promptly jumped up and ran off to find it.

Little Bear and Star were excited and happy. They quickly gathered any dry wood that they saw. As soon as they returned, they threw a piece of it on the fire. It burned well at first; then smoke began to rise.

"You were not careful when you selected that wood," said Little Bear's father. "The wood is dry—it will not throw sparks—but the piece you put into the fire is half rotten. Rotten wood will always make a cloud of smoke."

"Yes," admitted Star. "You have told us that before, and we should have remembered, but we were in a hurry."

"It is never wise to waste time," replied Star's father, "but you can pick up the best wood even if you are in a hurry. A cloud of smoke is never good."

At last the turkey was cooked, and the boys and their fathers sat down to eat. Besides the turkey, they had corn bread, which the fathers had brought in their bags. While they were eating, the men told their sons many things that they would have to know in order to become good hunters and warriors.

"You must never use the call of the owl when the sun is overhead," Little Bear's father again

reminded the boys. They both listened closely.

"Then we shall use the cry of the fawn when calling its mother," said Little Bear. "We like that call, too."

"Yes," replied the father. "That is a good call, and it can be answered with the cry of the mother. Every hunter knows, though, that the mother only answers her fawn's call until the midsummer."

"In the evening you can give the call of We-Ko-Lis. Or at any time you may use the call of the timid bobwhite," suggested Star's father. "Another thing you must be able to do, if you are to become good hunters, is to tell by the sound what animal is prowling around your tent. The eyes cannot always see through the darkness, but the ears can always hear."

It did not take very long to eat the meal that the boys had prepared while they were studying to be hunters and warriors. The lesson on the ways of the wood folk had taken much longer. The boys had many questions to ask, and the fathers were always ready to answer. Now the sun was getting low, and the day was almost ended.

The fathers watched while the boys put out

the fire. That was a most important lesson. When the boys were satisfied that their fire was out, the fathers examined it. They put their hands on the earth to find out if, by any chance, the flames had caught onto some old roots and burned into the ground. They found that the boys had been careful and that the fire had been put out properly. Then they all started for the village.

On the way the fathers taught the boys to look for different landmarks. Such familiar spots would help them find their way home if they should ever become lost.

All that the boys learned on this hunt was only a beginning in their schooling. There were many, many things to know about warfare and the hunt. Gradually they would learn all the signs of the woodland. They would also learn to tell by moccasin tracks left on the ground whether they were made by friend or foe. This meant many trips to the forest and many days of study, but the boys liked it.

At the village the women and girls looked after the crops. Every morning before daylight they attended to their duties in the wigwams. Then they went to the fields.

During the day they gathered roots and herbs whenever they found any. These they stored away for future use. The juices of many plants supplied the women with dyes. Both the men and the women were fond of red. The women were never too tired to dig up the roots of the Indian paint plant. This gave them their favorite color.

They also gathered the roots of the sumac and white walnut. These, when boiled together, made a black dye. To fix their dyes so that they would not fade, the women added the acid juice obtained by boiling the sweet-scented wild crab apple.

Late in the afternoon the women and girls went home from the fields and prepared the evening meals for their families.

When Little Bear and Star and their fathers returned, they found their supper waiting for them. Little Bear, at least, was tired and glad to sit down and eat. After the meal was over, the little family stood up. No one was ever too tired to make a prayer to Gitche Manito.

As Little Bear stood quietly, his mother noticed that he was holding a finger as though it hurt. The finger into which Little Bear had

run the sliver was aching badly. It hurt so much that he took hold of it and held it tightly. He was trying to be brave, but his mother had seen that something was wrong. When she asked Little Bear if he had hurt his finger, he told her what had happened. She looked at the finger and saw that it was swollen.

“I can help your finger,” the mother promised. “You wait here. I’ll be right back.”

The mother turned quickly and went outside the wigwam. She did not have to go far. Little blue violets grew all around her home. They were everywhere. The violet is one of the first flowers that Mother Earth sends with her message that spring had come. Little Bear’s mother dug up some of the little plants and took them into the wigwam. There she made them into a mixture, or poultice, which she spread on Little Bear’s finger. In a very short time the troubled look left his face. The pain was gone, and Little Bear was happy again.



A BEAR THAT WAS A COWARD

The moon that told the women to raise the earth around the corn had passed, and the moon when the corn was in the milk had come. A party of hunters made their prayer to Gitche Manito, asking for success, and prepared to go on a deer hunt. Star's father was to be the captain. He was one of the best hunters in the band. Before Star grew to manhood, his father would teach him to be just as good a hunter.

The men packed a generous supply of bear and raccoon grease to take with them. This was to rub upon their bodies as a protection from mosquitoes as well as from the sun. The hunters also looked at their tobacco pouches to make sure they were full. Each pouch was made of a whole otter skin. The skin was pulled together at the neck so that the tobacco could not fall out. A bag of corn flour and his bow and arrows completed the outfit of each man.

When the hunters were ready to start, Little Bear, Star, and some of the other boys ran for their bows and arrows. They were going to



The Wounded Bear

walk along with their fathers for a short distance. So it was that a group of hunters and a few boys silently followed Star's father, the brave leader, along the trail into the wilderness.

After a time Star's father heard a noise. It was not very far from the trail. He lifted his hand as a signal for his followers to stop. In the silence of the wilderness they heard a low growl.

"A bear," said Star's father just loud enough for the other men to understand. "Stay here and be very quiet."

The leader vanished like a shadow among the trees and thick underbrush. He crept along carefully, watching at every step. Just ahead, looking through the trees and bushes, he saw a great bear hurrying toward a cave. "That must be his den," thought the hunter. He raised his bow and sent an arrow toward the moving animal. The bear dropped; he could go no farther. The arrow had broken his back. The bear sent up a plaintive cry.

The hunter did not send another arrow. Instead he called the boys and led them to the bear. The group stopped in front of the wounded animal, the boys standing a little behind the father.

"You are not a brave warrior," Star's father

told the bear. "Only a coward cries. If you were a warrior, you would not cry like a woman. You would be brave. You know that we are your enemy. We know that you are our enemy. Your people and our people are at war. You have found that I am more powerful than you. If you had conquered me, I would have been brave. I would have passed like a warrior. You disgrace your people! You are a coward!"

Star's father then shot another arrow, and the bear's spirit went to join the spirits of his forefathers in the Happy Southland.

Turning to the boys, the hunter said, "Boys, did you notice how ashamed that bear was when I told him he was a coward? He did not cry. He changed to a brave warrior before his spirit passed to the Spirit Land. He did not want to be lacking in courage when he met his forefathers.

"Now, you boys go back to the village and tell the men to come and get this bear. We are going on."

The hunters disappeared into the wilderness, with Star's father again in the lead. The boys ran back to the wigwams and told the men what had happened, then went with them to get the

bear. When the bear was brought into the village, Star's mother made a prayer. She put some cornmeal into the fire as a sacrifice to the spirit of the bear. Then the animal was skinned, and the meat was divided. Everybody was given a piece, and that night nearly every family in the village ate bear meat boiled with beans.

The next day Little Bear, Star, and some of the other boys decided to go fishing. For a while they all were busy digging worms and catching grasshoppers for bait. As soon as they had enough, they met and planned to play going-on-the-warpath on their way to the river. Many of the games that Indian children played were really lessons that had been taught them.

For this game the oldest boy in the group was always the leader. He was supposed to have the most wisdom. The leader started toward the river. One after the other, the boys fell into line. They followed single file, each carefully stepping in the footprints of the boy in front of him. They must leave only one set of footprints. Then if they should get into enemy country, no one could tell how many were in their party. They threw stones to see who could hit nearest to a certain mark, and they climbed trees to see who



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Receiving Instructions from an Old Man

could find the first game. But this was not easy.

When they reached the river, they decided to have a wrestling match. All the boys liked that game. It was a warm day, and the boys wrestled until they were tired. Then they jumped into the water to cool off. They played and splashed in it, picked up marking stones, and had a good time. They did not try to fish while the sun was almost overhead.

When the sun was about half-way across the western sky, the boys took out their fishlines. They did not use boats; they stood on the bank and threw their hooks into the water. Then they sat down to wait for a bite. They were not sorry to rest. They had been playing hard, and really were a little tired.

But no one said he was tired. Each boy wanted the others to think that he would never get tired. Fishing was fun, and also a good excuse to rest. The boys caught fish until the sun had almost reached his wigwam in the west; then they started for the village in single file, just as they had come.

On the way back they were startled by a sound like rustling leaves. But it was summer, and the leaves had not begun to fall.

“A rattlesnake,” the leader warned the boys.

The boys hurried away from the sound. They would not hurt a rattlesnake. He was their grandfather. He always warned people of danger. A few days before, one of the hunters had been wounded by another kind of snake. It had not warned the hunter. The man had destroyed that snake and rubbed its fat into his wound. A rattlesnake is a true warrior. He would not attack without warning. His brother snakes are not so brave. They attack their enemies without giving them a chance to escape.

Just before the boys reached the village, they met an old man. He raised his hand, and the boys stopped. Every old man in the village instructed the boys. That was one of the ways they were taught that they must be brave and strong if they would be worthy of their tribe. No opportunity was ever missed to impress that lesson upon the boys.

“Hear what I have to say,” said the old man. “Always remember that you are a Leni-lenápe. Never shirk a danger. Never forget a duty. Be cautious always, but never be a coward. You must never lie nor boast. You may meet with trouble, but never seek a quarrel. These are the teachings of your people. Follow them and every-

one will respect you. Sometimes you may fail in a duty that has been put upon you. You need not be discouraged. The strongest men sometimes stumble. Just remember that you are one of the Leni-lenápe people. I have spoken."

The boys waited for the old man to pass. They had listened thoughtfully to what he had said, and would try to remember always. Then they went on to their wigwams.

Little Bear stopped at Star's home. Before going on the hunt, Star's father had started to make a new bow for his son. Little Bear wanted to see it, but when he saw that the evening meal was ready, he did not stay. He said good night to his friend and went on to his own home. On the way he passed Star's sister, who was bringing in firewood.

At his own home Little Bear's mother was cooking something special for his and her meal that evening. She had brought home from the fields that day a few ears of tender, young corn. She scraped the corn from the cob and mashed it until it was like milk. Then she mixed it with a little very finely ground cornmeal. This bread-like mixture she rolled inside broad, green corn leaves, then pinned the leaves with thorns.

When she baked these rolls, she was very careful. She gathered especially for them good, dry oak bark. Oak bark makes a quick and lasting fire. When the bark was reduced to hot coals, she laid her filled corn leaves on them.

Just as she was taking the baked rolls from the fire, Little Bear entered the wigwam. He was delighted with what his mother had made for him, and came at once to help her carefully brush ashes from the now crisp corn leaves. Then they peeled the leaves from the bread, and it was ready to eat. Little Bear let marrow, that his mother had taken from big deer bones, melt over his hot bread. He was glad that he had hurried home, for this was the first time this season that his mother had made such corn bread, and he did like it!

“May I take some of this good bread to the old man who stopped and talked to the other boys and me?” Little Bear asked his mother.

“Yes,” replied his mother, pleased. “I like to have my boy want to share his things with older people.”

The mother handed Little Bear two cakes, still wrapped in warm corn leaves. Little Bear took them and ran off to make the old man and his

wife happy. He did not stay at the old man's wigwam. He hurried right home, for he was tired after the long day of play. And he wanted to awaken early the next morning. All the boys had been invited to gather, then, at the wigwam of an old hunter.

The old men of the village did not go out to hunt very often. The younger men provided them with meat and robes. The old hunters stayed at home and taught the boys the language of the wood folk. During the cold moons the children learned the stories of the Long Ago from the Storyteller. Summer was the time to learn of the hunt and of the wood folk.

When the boys sat in the wigwam of the old hunter the next morning, he reminded them that the wilderness people were constantly alert. The wood folk knew that the man people hunted them, and they were always watching and listening for man as well as animal enemies. The old man explained that the boys must learn not only to recognize calls but to imitate them so perfectly that they would be able to outwit an enemy of the tribe as well as the animal people.

Then the old man taught the boys the call of the turkey. The boys also learned to quack like

a duck, honk like a goose, growl as the bear does, bark like a fox, and squeal like a rabbit in distress. All these things could not be learned in a day. It took a long time and much practice, and both the teacher and the pupils needed great patience. These were things that all the boys must learn and only good hunters could teach them.

After their lesson was over, the boys hurried off to play. They ran races and practised with their bows and arrows. They played at hiding from one another. Sometimes each took a deep breath and ran until he had to breathe again. As soon as his breath was gone, a boy was out of the race. That was a good game. A boy who played it often would be able to climb mountains easily when he grew to manhood. He would not lose his breath and have to rest.

When the men went on a hunt, this was very important. A hunter might lose his game because he was not long-winded enough to follow it. Sometimes a hunter wounded an animal and it ran on and on, madly. A hunter would be despised if he let a wounded animal get away, for it might suffer for days and be unable to help itself. When a hunter wounded an animal, he followed until he found it.

All the boys wanted to become long-winded, and they played this game day after day. At first they could not run very far if they tried to run fast. By playing often, they learned to run faster and farther each day.

The boys played until the sun reminded them that it was time for their evening meal. But this afternoon they did not go straight to their homes. The hunters had been gone for several days, and they might be coming home any time now. The boys ran to the opening in the palisade to see if their fathers were yet in sight. Far off in the distance the boys saw the hunters trudging homeward. Each was carrying a heavy load. They had been successful on their hunt. The boys shouted the news, and all the people in the village came out to welcome the hunters.

There was plenty of work to be done now. The meat had to be cut from the animals and dried. The skins had to be prepared for robes. Whenever there was an opportunity in the days that followed, the women and girls took out their long rib-bone scrapers and worked on the skins until they were clean and soft. The skins and meat had to be packed away for use during the cold moons.

The night that her hunter returned, Little Bear's mother cooked squash that was now ripening in the fields. She cut it into pieces, put them into a clay pot, and placed the pot over a very slow fire. She did not use much water. These Indians liked vegetables boiled in their own juices. She put a large leaf over the top of the pot so that the steam could not escape.

All the Indians enjoyed the fresh vegetables in season, for they had had only dried ones to eat throughout the long cold moons, and now they ate all the fresh vegetables they wanted. The crops promised to be big enough so that there would be plenty left over to dry for the cold moons.

After Little Bear had eaten his evening meal, he helped his mother. She cut squash into long pieces, and he hung them to a long pole to dry. The pole reached from one side of the wigwam to the other. When the squash was dry enough, his mother stored it in clay jars.

Little Bear often wished that he had a sister. Star had one, and it was she who always helped his mother. Then, too, she often did little things to please her brother and Little Bear. The two boys liked her surprises. In return they would

often pick up a red marking stone for her or bring her a rabbit skin. She liked the little rabbit skins. Her mother had taught her how to prepare them, and she was making a rabbit skin robe for herself.

The Indians believed that if children learned to be kind to one another, they would not forget to be kind to their elders. Kindness was always encouraged. "If you always do what is right," the old men often told the children, "the Great Spirit will let you live until your teeth are worn out, your eyes are dim, and your hair has turned white."



THE GREAT FALL HUNT

The men were no longer sitting in the shade of the big trees smoking, nor were they playing games. They were too busy. The moon when the corn was in the milk was no longer young, and the time for the great fall hunt was drawing near. Every hunter was making and repairing bows, arrows, and spears so that he would be ready to follow the orders of the captain.

Along the river and in the wilderness Mother Nature had prepared many gifts for her Red People. At this time of the year, besides working in the fields, the women and children, and sometimes even the older boys, harvested these wild crops. The women and girls had already gathered and dried many huckleberries and stored them in large jars. These were the berries everyone liked boiled in their cornmeal during the cold moons when the bushes were asleep. Now the cranberries were ripe and had to be gathered.

There was two kinds of cranberries. One was found in dry places and on high bushes. The

other grew in the low swamplands on scrubby bushes. The women and girls picked those that grew on the high bushes in the places where Mother Earth was dry. They did not like to wade through the dense undergrowth of the swamps; neither did they like the snakes that lived in those places.

The boys did not mind either the wet or the snakes, for they knew that wild ducks and geese also lived in the marshes. As the boys worked in the lowlands, they kept their bows and arrows ready and almost always took home a harvest of ducks and geese as well as cranberries.

Wild grapes and plums were also ready to be picked. The mulberry trees were heavy with their ripe fruit. There were chestnuts, hazelnuts, walnuts, and butternuts, all to be gathered in turn before the cold moons. If the Indians did not take what they wanted quickly, they found that the squirrels, chipmunks, or mice had been there before them and that there were few nuts left. The wilderness people were just as busy as the Red People. They, too, had to gather and store food so that they would not be hungry during the cold moons. As they went from place to place to get the wild crops, the harvesters picked



The Council Naming a Day for the Fall Hunt

and saved wild hemp and the seed pods of the milkweed. These were needed for the making of cloth, strings, and many other necessary things.

After a happy day of work in the cheerful fall sunshine the women often boiled sweet potatoes for the evening meal. Sweet potatoes do not keep well; so the Indians had to eat all they wanted of them while they were in season. With them they especially liked boiled cranberries sweetened with maple sugar.

One evening the women sat outside their wigwams, sorting the fruits they had gathered during the day and enjoying the pleasant twilight. Children of all ages played in groups near by. The men were at a council fire. The council had been called to decide upon a day, and to choose a captain, for the great fall hunt. When the shadows deepened, the women called their children, and all went to rest. Not until morning did they learn the plans made by the councilmen.

“Star’s father has again been named the captain of the hunt,” Little Bear’s father told his wife at the early meal. “He led us in a successful hunt last year, and we hope he can do the same again. He has asked me to go over the hunting

grounds with him and help plan how to arrange the men. We shall do that today.”

The hunting grounds were not far away. They reached from the river along the base of mountains for several miles. A high cliff called Deer’s Leap, that rose some distance back of the village, formed one part of the boundary. The two men walked over this entire section and decided where to place each hunter so that together they would form a ring around the hunting grounds.

When the hunt was on, each man would walk and run toward Deer’s Leap, driving the animals before him. The circle around the animals would become smaller and smaller as the men advanced. At the end there would be no other choice for the frightened game but to plunge from the top of Deer’s Leap to their death in the corral built at its base. Star’s father already had men at work building the corral of great posts. If any animal did escape death from the leap, he would not be able to get out of this enclosure.

Soon after the two men returned, Star’s father took all the hunters outside the village and told them of the plans for the hunt.

“Listen!” commanded Star’s father, after as-

signing each man to his place in the ring. "This hunt will take two days. Tomorrow each of you will go to your place in the wilderness and spend the night there. The next morning, as soon as the sun peeps over the mountain, make all the noise you can and walk toward the cliff. No game should be able to escape between you. Do your part well. I have spoken."

That night everyone went to bed early, and all were up with Father Sun the next morning. Just after the early meal, the captain sent word for the hunters to assemble outside the village gate. They arrived in groups of two or three, and sometimes more; or occasionally alone. Their bodies looked smooth and glossy in the early morning sunshine, for each had rubbed himself with bear oil as a protection against the weather and insects.

Each man wore his quiver with its bow and arrows slung over his shoulders, and carried a bag containing cornmeal. Each also carried a pouch in which were tobacco and his pipe. Later on each hunter would make his offering of tobacco to the Great Spirit. While he waited alone at his starting place, he would smoke and it would not seem so lonely.



Hunting at Night

When all the hunters had gathered together, Star's father reminded them of the plans for the hunt and again told each one where he was to be stationed. It was important that this hunt be a success so that the village would have plenty of meat and robes during the cold moons. While the men were still in a group, the captain pointed to the heavens. There they saw a great eagle sailing through the air.

The Indians believed that this was a good omen, a sign that their hunt would be successful. Then the group broke up, and each man quietly went his own way. The hunters were careful not to make any noise that would frighten animals away from the hunting grounds.

The boys, Little Bear and Star among them, watched the hunters start on their way. Each little warrior longed for the time when he, too, would be old enough to go on the hunt. Little Bear and Star did not think of themselves as little boys, and they had asked their fathers how much longer they would have to wait before they could go along. They were told that they still had much to learn, that only young men who had brought in their first deer were invited to take part in this important hunt. The boys

must first prove that they had learned and remembered the lessons their elders had taught them.

But the fathers did promise their boys that they would take them on a trip later. Their mothers could go along then, also. The boys knew that they would enjoy such a trip more than going on the fall hunt. They would learn more, too, for then they could follow their fathers through the forest and see just how to surprise a deer or a bear. They could also go on a night hunt.

All Indian boys enjoyed hunting at night. Little Bear had already been on one such trip with his father. Now he told Star about it.

“During the day,” he said, “we looked for tracks along the banks of the river. That is how we knew where the deer would come to drink and feed at night. When darkness fell, my father and I slipped into our dugout and let the current of the river carry us downstream along the shore. In that way we made no sound that might disturb the animals. When we heard a deer on shore, Father lighted a torch made of pitch pine. This lighted the shore for some distance, but it did not alarm the deer. They continued to eat

the grass, weeds, and reeds that grew along the bank of the river. Our boat drifted closer and closer to the shore until at last my Father could use his bow."

"I should like to hunt at night," said Star. "I hope my father will take me on a night hunt when we are on our trip."

The hunters had disappeared in the wilderness, and Star and Little Bear returned to the village. For a while they practised with their bows and arrows. The village seemed quiet and empty with all the hunters gone. The two boys went to Little Bear's wigwam and played quaquallis. Little Bear's mother saw that the boys were restless. When evening came, she told her son that he could invite Star to eat his evening meal in their wigwam. Star ran to ask his mother's permission and was told that he might eat with his friend.

That night Little Bear's mother had a surprise for the boys. She had boiled green corn with little beans. The Indians called this combination "succotash," and the boys loved it. It was a very special dish. With the succotash they ate pieces of meat roasted on the ends of sharp sticks which they held over the coals of the fire. The boys

enjoyed evening meals like this very good one.

“You are growing fast,” Little Bear’s mother said softly as they ate. “It will not be long before you, too, will go off on the hunt. I will be proud of each of you, my sons, when you bring in your first deer. It will make me happy, and your mother, too, Star, to give the feast of the first game for you.”

The evening passed very quickly, and it was soon time for the boys to part. Little Bear went outside the wigwam with his friend, and they bade each other good night.

The next morning, the day of the hunt, the little village awakened very early. Everyone thought only of the hunters. As usual the women and girls went to the fields to work at their harvests. The boys went along today. They knew that their mothers needed them, and besides the day would pass much more quickly if they were busy.

When the sun was directly overhead, all the workers stopped to eat and rest. The children were glad, for they were very hungry and a little tired. The men on the hunt did not stop to eat or rest. They drove the fleeing animals without once stopping. When a hunter felt hungry,

he just reached into his bag for a little cornmeal and took a drink of water.

During the afternoon the children stopped working every little while to listen. They knew they would hear the hunters when the chase neared the cliff. For a time not a sound reached their ears, and they were content to pick the corn, beans, and squash. Later in the day they became restless. Suddenly Little Bear raised his hand and called to the others.

“Listen!” he exclaimed.

Everybody stopped work and was quiet and motionless. The breeze carried a faint whisper to the sharp ears of the Red People.

“The hunters are coming!” Star shouted joyously. “They are nearing Deer’s Leap!”

No one was quiet or motionless any longer. Everyone talked at once, excitedly. The boys wanted to run near the cliff to see the end of the drive, but their mothers would not give them permission. They knew that in their eagerness the boys would forget about danger and go too close to the corral.

The noise of the hunters grew greater and greater. They were coming closer and closer. At last, looking off into the distance, the boys

saw game begin to leap over the cliff. The animals came faster and faster, those behind pushing the ones ahead of them. They could not stop. They had to make the leap. Deer, elk, bear, and even some buffalo were running together. The only animals to escape the hunt were a few wise bears and foxes that hid in their caves, and some wildcats that found safety in the friendly trees. All the others ran to their death together in an effort to escape the great noise and clatter that had awakened every echo of the wilderness.

As the hunters drew close together in the drive, the captain sent some of them ahead to the corral. It was the duty of the men stationed there to see that no injured animal escaped to suffer. An Indian would follow a wounded beast through forest and water or over ice and snow, but he would not let him get away. Nor would he hunt an animal if he did not need the food. The Great Spirit would never be kind to him if he destroyed unnecessarily. The spirit of an animal would never forget an injury. Like the Red People the animal people never forgot a friend nor forgave an enemy.

The women skinned and cleaned the game. They tied the meat and hides into bundles that



The Animals Leaping Over the Cliff

could be carried easily upon the back with a pack strap. Long packing straps were fastened to a band that fitted over the forehead. This forehead band with the long straps attached to it was called a "tump line." Long after twilight had fallen, men, women, and children still carried loads to the village. The hunt had been a great success. These Red People would not lack meat nor robes during the coming cold moons.



THE FEAST OF THE HARVEST MOON

Soon after the meat was dried, the harvest work was over. All the crops were stored away. The fields lay stripped of their fruits. Gitche Manito and his twelve helpers had been kind to the Red People. They would have a time of plenty during the cold moons that were almost ready to come back.

The women and girls now spent their time making warm moccasins and robes. They were very busy, for the new clothing had to be completed before the Manito of the North again drove the woodland people into their winter hiding places. Winter moccasins were made from bearskin with the fur on the inside. They would keep feet warm even in the coldest weather.

Some robes were made from the skins of otters and beavers. The hides were sewed together carefully so that all the hair would lie in the same direction. These robes would shed water during the rainy season. When the weather became cold, the fur side of the robes was worn next to the body. The soft fur kept the body

warm. Old women were making robes of goose and turkey feathers that they had saved from time to time. They wove the feathers together with thread made from wild hemp and nettle fibre.

As the people worked, their main topic of conversation was the coming Harvest Dance. That was a thanksgiving time, the time when all the members of the great Leni-lenápe family gathered together to give thanks to Gitche Manito and his twelve helpers for the plentiful harvests.

At last the council met and set the days for the feast. Messengers were sent to the Mensi, or Wolf, and the Unalachtigo, or Turkey, branches of the Leni-lenápe, inviting them to be the guests of the Unami Tribe for the sacred Harvest Dance.

At once all the people of the village laid aside their other work and began to prepare for this festival. For no other dance, not even a war dance, did the Indians make more elaborate preparations than they did for the Feast of the Harvest Moon. The women prepared great quantities of food. All of it would be needed. This ceremony lasted for twelve days and twelve nights, one for each manito. There was one

manito for each world through which these Red People would pass on their way to the Happy Southland. Their prayers were carried from one manito to another until the last one delivered them to Gitche Manito, the Great Spirit.

The men sat in front of their wigwams, busy with a pair of mussel shells that had been sharpened on rough stones. Using these shells as tweezers, each man plucked every hair that grew on his chin, lips, and forehead. He was preparing his face for the paint with which he would decorate himself for the dance. He did not think he would look well if his face were not clean enough to take the paint smoothly.

After all the hair was pulled out, the men were ready to decorate themselves. Little Bear watched his father. First he spread a thin coat of gray clay over his whole body. When that was dry, his wife brought him a bowl in which she had mixed ground, brightly colored stones and earth with bear grease. The father dipped his fingers into this paint. With the fingertips he drew graceful, serpent-like streaks on his legs, body, and arms.

He was more particular about his face. Very carefully he made a red spot on one cheek and



The Indian Artist

a green one on the other. Then Little Bear's father painted his eyelids, both the upper and the lower. He even decorated his nose and his mouth. As a final touch he tied to his ankles dried deer hoofs, which made a clanking noise as he walked. Little Bear thought his father looked very handsome.

Each of the men was eager to outdo his brother in decorating himself. One warrior, who had been honored for his bravery, determined to have crossed spears tattooed upon his chest. He thought that would be a good ornament. He asked a warrior friend who was an artist to do the tattooing. The artist gathered some poplar bark, burned it to charcoal and pounded it into a fine powder. Then he drew a picture of crossed spears on the chest of his friend. Both men liked the picture.

The artist next took some sharp pieces of flint out of his bag. Following the outline of the drawing, he scratched and scratched at the skin of the warrior. The flint, however, was not sharp enough to suit the artist, and he remembered that he had something much better. He went into his wigwam and brought out the sharp teeth he had saved from a fish. The way these cut into the

skin satisfied the artist. Although he worked steadily and carefully, it took a long time before he had the drawing scratched onto his friend's chest. To finish the picture, he rubbed the powdered poplar bark into the open wound.

The warrior sat before his wigwam while he was being tattooed. All that the artist did hurt the warrior very much, but the children who were watching thought he liked it. He smiled and told them stories while his friend scratched and rubbed. When the artist was finished, the warrior was very pleased. He proudly thought that now he would be decorated as beautifully as anyone at the dance; and he hoped the pain would be gone before the feast day came.

Mother Nature was also preparing for the great day. She painted the leaves of the trees, the bushes, and even the tiny plants in the most brilliant colors. The entire wilderness was wearing its feast dress and its brightest paint. At night the moon was big and round. It lighted this whole Red Man's world with its magic glow of mystery. Even the deer were ready to show themselves again. They were dressed in their winter coats of gray once more and wore beautiful new crowns of horns. The thanksgiving

spirit of everything and everybody filled the air.

At the long ceremonial house everything was being put in order for the festival. A great post was erected in its center. At the top of the post four faces were carved, one on each side, so that it could see in all directions. Six posts were placed on each side of the council house, twelve in all, and a manito was carved on the top of each post. Skins and mats were laid near the walls for the visitors to sit upon. One man was selected to be the doorkeeper.

Six men and six women were chosen to keep the sacred fires burning. The fires had to be started with fire sticks. The friction that made the spark was the symbol of pain, and everyone must suffer pain. The ashes had to be carried out of the council house through the west door, for the door toward the east was sacred.

It was also the duty of these twelve men and women to keep the floor of the council house swept clean. For this purpose they used turkey wings. These people were paid for their work in wampum.

The long ceremonial house was built from east to west. Its main door faced the east and was sacred because it faced the home of the

Gitche Manito, whose wigwam was in the east 'beyond the place where the sun rises.' Outside the sacred door was a tall pole. On this pole the deer would be hung that would furnish meat for the dancers. It was another duty of the six women to cook and pass the food. They would also have to gather up the bones and burn them. No part of the food used in the sacred dance could be left where an animal might get it.

Early in the morning of the first day of thanksgiving, boys perched in treetops, watching for the first guests. When they saw a band of men, women, and children coming over the trail, they quickly slipped down the trees and carried the glad news to the wigwams. Soon the village became a moving mass of happy people. Beautifully decorated, the visitors walked about greeting old friends.

When it was time to assemble in the ceremonial house, the Turtle Tribe entered through the east door and took its place on the south side of the house. The west side was occupied by the Turkey people, and the Wolf Tribe sat on the north. No one ever passed between the center post and the east door. Each was careful to walk to the right of the fires toward the north

side of the house and go to his place from there. At this harvest ceremony the men were permitted to smoke, but their pipes always had to be lighted with a coal taken from the sacred fire.

When all the guests had taken their places in the great council house, the Feast of the Harvest Moon, the thanksgiving ceremony, was ready to begin. The Medicine Man was the leader, and he stood up to speak. A great silence crept over the assembled men.

“We have gathered here to give thanks,” he said earnestly. “There is a Spirit who rules over all things, even over the sun, the moon, the earth, and the water. The twelve manitos serve him. He has sent us our chiefs, who are wise and they great courage. They teach us the things they have seen and heard. We have brave hunters and warriors. We have good and true mothers. Our children are attentive. They are eager to learn. They will grow up to be respected. The Great Spirit has smiled upon us. For all these things we are grateful.

“We are thankful that we are at this thanksgiving feast. Many of our friends who were with us at the last Harvest Moon are missing.

They have gone to meet the Great Spirit. They are happy. They have joined their friends in the Happy Southland.

“Our crops have been gathered. The fields, the woodlands, and the water have given plenty of food for our winter supply. The cold moons are almost here, and our needs have been provided for.

“Gitche Manito, for all this we are thankful.”

The Medicine Man had finished his prayer, and he sat down. Next the orator of the great Turtle Tribe stood up to address the people.

“We are here to thank the Great Spirit,” he began. “We reach out our right hand and call forth, ‘Oh-o-o!’ ” In a full, ringing voice the orator chanted the call twelve times. Then he went on. “Gitche Manito hears us. He answers our cry of distress.

“Now for twelve days and twelve nights we are gathered together. There will be singing, dancing, and feasting. We will show the Great Spirit that we are happy. We will show him that we are thankful for his blessings. We will show the Great Spirit that we are thankful for his kindness. We do not forget where all we have comes from. If we are grateful and do not

complain, we shall go to him when we leave here and we shall hear him say, 'Welcome home. You are my people.' Then we shall be happy. I have spoken."

The orator sat down, and then the assembled men were given an opportunity to talk. A dried and polished tortoise shell containing pebbles to make it rattle was in front of the warrior sitting in the first place in the southeast corner of the council house. He picked up the shell and rattled it.

As he stood to talk, the chanters, or singers, who sat at the south end of the council house, beat upon a dry deer hide. That was the signal to listen. The one who held the rattle talked to the people. He thanked the Great Spirit for all his kindness to the Indians.

When he was through, he began to dance, always moving to the right and around the fire. All who wished to dance followed him. When the dancers finally reached the center pole, they stopped and shook hands with the leader. Then they returned to their places.

The warrior who had spoken then handed the rattle to the next man. If he cared to talk and dance, he rattled the tortoise shell. If he had



Entrance to the Council House

nothing to say, he passed it on. In this way each man was given a chance to address the meeting.

Orators repeated the traditions of their people. Some warriors told of their dreams or visions, but they did not call them dreams. They did not think of them as such. Those men always started their talks by saying, "There came to me this." Then they told what came to them. Many told how they happened to have their own personal guardian spirits and showed the tokens that they wore around their necks. The old men gave advice to the younger ones.

One old man stood up and told the young men that they must always be brave. "The manitos," he said, "do not like a coward. They do not like a liar nor a boaster, nor one who seeks a quarrel. Live a good life, and when your shadow goes to join those of your fathers, Gitche Manito will meet you. He will say, 'Welcome here. You are my people.' "

At the close of the day a bowl of cornmeal was passed to everyone. As he took his food, each person said, "For this we are thankful."

Each of the following eleven days of celebration were like this first day. And on each of the twelve nights an orator made a different talk.

They were talks of praise and encouragement. The orator reminded the men to work constantly for the good of all the people. Every night the warriors joined in the sacred dance, and then they feasted before they slept.

When the twelfth day was growing old, the Medicine Man stood up once more. The assembled men knew that they were about to take part in the final prayer. Following the Medicine Man, the Indians filed out of the east door of the council house and formed a long line from east to west, facing the south. They bowed reverently twelve times. They thanked the various manitos and acknowledged their dependence on Gitche Manito, the Great Spirit. Then the meeting was over.

The six men and women selected to guard the fires let them die down. They carried the ashes out of the door to the west. The ceremonial house was swept clean with the turkey wing brushes. The people of the village and the guests had started for their homes. The Feast of the Harvest Moon was over.

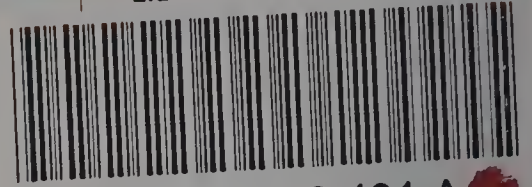
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